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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1904.

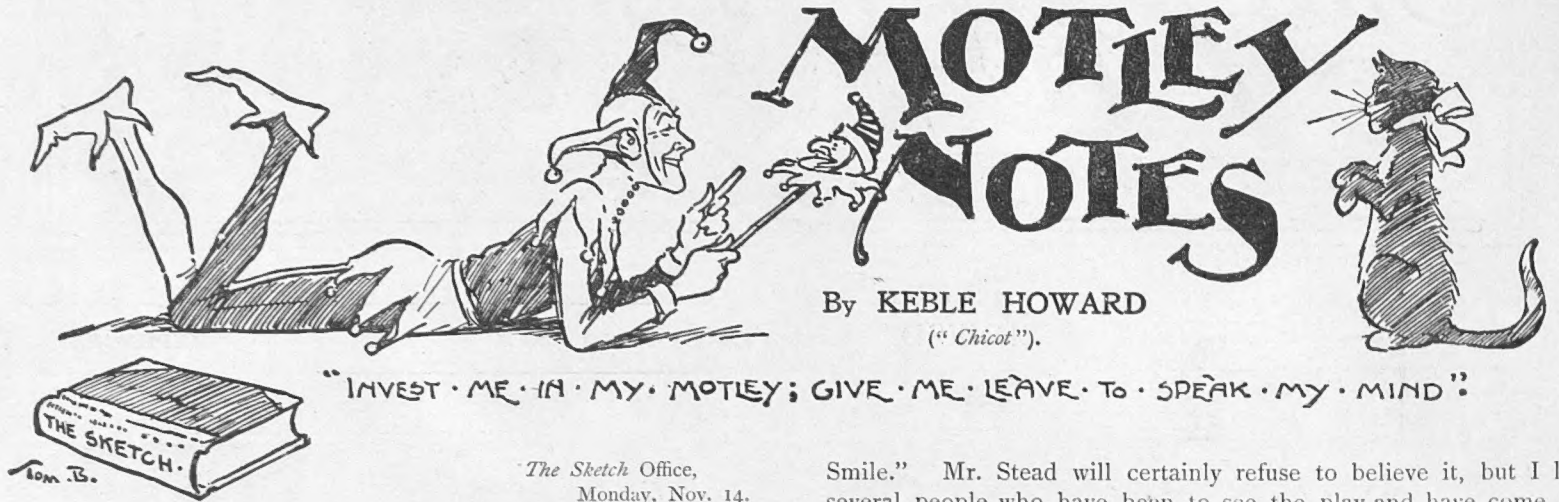
SIXPENCE.



A SIGN OF CHRISTMAS:

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER SELECTING THE MUSIC FOR HIS CHRISTMAS PLAYS AT THE GARRICK.

Photographed for "The Sketch" by Foulsham and Banfield.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Nov. 14.

MR. HALL CAINE has a grievance, and I, for one, sympathise with him. Allow me to state the case. Here is a man with everything in the world to make him happy—a beautiful Castle in the Isle of Man, fame, genius, and the rest. His new novel, “The Prodigal Son,” has already achieved a sale unprecedented in the annals of English fiction, and yet he finds himself “disturbed and distressed by a personal accusation which threatens to take all the happiness out of achievement, all the joy out of praise.” In short, some heartless reviewers have been finding fault with him for making use in his novel of the Rossetti episode. I have not yet had the pleasure of reading “The Prodigal Son,” but I have been able to gather the pith of the story from the prodigal reviews in the newspapers. It seems that, like Rossetti, Mr. Hall Caine’s hero causes some of his poems to be buried with his wife and afterwards exhumes them. Unlike Rossetti, however, Mr. Hall Caine’s hero, so far as I can gather, gambles with the proceeds of the exhumed poems and realises a large fortune. The unkind reviewers assert that, in the first place, it was in bad taste for Mr. Hall Caine to make use of the episode in the novel; in the second place, that it was in worse taste to allow the money derived from the sale of the poems to be put to such a use. As a natural consequence, Mr. Hall Caine’s pleasure in the success of his novel is considerably marred. Perhaps he may find a crumb of comfort in the fact that he has been able to exploit his grievance at the length of a column and a half on the editorial page of the most widely circulating paper in the kingdom. A small compensation, perhaps, but one that is not granted to all of us when we are a little hurt.

By the way, the writer of the leader in the *Daily Mail* on the subject of Mr. Hall Caine and the Rossetti episode made the following statement: “The world never looks kindly upon an author who so far forgets the obligations of friendship as to turn to account the foibles and the follies or even the praiseworthy characteristics of men and women intimately known to him in social life.” This is most alarming, for in a novel I happen to be writing myself one of the principal characters is modelled on a well-known black-and-white artist who is intimately known to me in social life and whose praiseworthy characteristics I am endeavouring to reproduce as faithfully as possible. If it is a fact, however, that the world—and his wife—will on that account refuse to look kindly upon me for ever after, why, I must take out the characteristics and twist the features of my artist until they become unrecognisable. The worst of it is that, if I do, the artist will probably be very disappointed. I’ll ask him.

In the November number of the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. W. T. Stead makes a desperate attempt to revive the controversy on Mr. Pinero’s play. He says that it landed him in the Abyss of Lost Souls. For my part, I had always believed that from this particular abyss there was no return. An exception has been made, it seems, in favour of the Editor of the *Review of Reviews*. It is just possible that the other lost souls grew so tired of hearing Mr. Stead’s views on the drama that they turned him out. Nor should I blame them if he gave them very much of this sort of thing: “It is called a comedy in disguise. It would be better described as a tragedy disguised as a roaring farce. The glitter of the dialogue is but like the phosphorescent shimmer over the putrefying body of the dead.” I can quite understand that a man who possesses the kind of mind necessary to the inventing of such similes as that would discover many evil meanings in “A Wife without a

Smile.” Mr. Stead will certainly refuse to believe it, but I know several people who have been to see the play and have come away without discovering what it was that caused all the discussion.

Signs of Christmas are all about us now. On the front page of this issue of *The Sketch* you have already seen Mr. Arthur Bourchier, that tireless person, deep in thought over the music for his Christmas plays at the Garrick. At most of the book-stalls, too, you will have noticed a brilliant array of coloured plates advertising the Christmas Numbers of the illustrated weeklies. *The Sketch* is generally the last of the Christmas Numbers to be published: this is our gentle protest against the prematureness which prevails with regard to the season of honest sentiment and goodwill—a prematureness that, I feel sure, is deplored by the general public. I don’t quite see, though, why we should suffer for our gentle protest, and so I propose to tell you a few of the things that are to be found in *The Sketch* Christmas Number; you can then decide whether it will be worth while to wait for our appearance.

Our chief feature, then, will be an artistic symposium, printed in colours, entitled “My Ideal Christmas.” To this symposium most of the clever artists whose work you admire week by week have contributed. Their suggestions as to the best way of keeping Christmas are delightfully humorous. Frank Reynolds, for example, looks forward to the joys of a domestic Christmas; Hassall imagines himself waking up to find his stocking stuffed with cheques and bank-notes; Dudley Hardy thinks longingly of the luxurious East; Ralph Cleaver conjures up a scene of charming sentiment; Douglas Almond sees himself as an old-time squire drinking the health of his loyal tenants; whilst the man Sime dreams a dream that may shock the dull but will certainly delight the quick-witted. There are, of course, many other drawings in the number, including humorous pages by Cecil Aldin, René Bull, Ralph Cleaver, Louis Wain, and several more. I ought to mention, too, a very pathetic frontispiece, drawn by Dudley Hardy and reproduced in colours, entitled “On Tour.”

As to the literary side of the number, there are eight complete stories and a complete play. The latter is by Frank Stayton, and if it is not performed in many a country drawing-room this winter I shall be astonished. The opening story is by E. Nesbit—a writer known to everyone. The name of her tale is “A Christmas Dream.” The other stories are by Thomas Cobb, Charles Eddy, Roy Horniman, Archibald Marshall, Herbert Morrah, and Ambrose Pratt. I have read them all very carefully, and I think you will like them. Now, then, what do you say? Are we worth waiting for?

I spent the greater part of Saturday in the playhouse. The beautiful afternoon I devoted to Mrs. Brown-Potter, who was producing, for the first time in London, a play called “For Church or Stage.” It was a very bad play, lightened, here and there, by a few flashes of unconscious humour. It is to be hoped that, for the future, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, the author, will be content to preach only from the pulpit. In the evening I went on to the Shaftesbury, where Miss Olga Nethersole, another actress-manager, presented to a large audience a new comedy by John Oliver Hobbes, entitled “The Flute of Pan.” With all respect to the brilliant John Oliver Hobbes, I am bound to say that I arrived home the saddest man in London.

"THE FLUTE OF PAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.





The Russians at Suez—Roosevelt the Pacificator.

THE Russians expect an attack to be made on their Fleet in the Suez Canal, and the Arabs with their camels waiting at the ferries to be taken across will be fortunate if they do not have a machine-gun turned on them. Of course, a little packet of dynamite could be very easily tossed on board a battleship from any part of the Canal edge where the banks are high, as they are, for instance, where the Canal makes a twist before it enters the lakes half-way along its course. A vessel well jammed across the Canal in one of its narrowest parts would, however, be equally effective in delaying the Russian Fleet, and such an accident has been known to occur before.

I remember an occasion when it did *not* occur, much to the chagrin of an over-smart skipper, who told me the story with many interjected lamentations as to his employers' lack of enterprise. It was in the days when the tea-steamers used to race home and the first boat in an English port got by far the best prices for the tea she carried. One boat was known by her skipper to be a bit quicker than the others, and he could be sure of arriving first, but not by much, at the entrance of the Suez Canal.

His plan was that some old tramp-steamer should be chartered and sent leisurely up the Red Sea, to wait at Suez until his ship appeared, and that it should then claim its turn to enter the Canal, following his tea-boat. The enterprising Captain's ship would go gaily through, but the tramp would run ashore in the narrowest part of the Canal, owing to the steering-gear refusing to act at a critical moment, and the traffic in the Canal would then be blocked for a week. Thus his ship would arrive in England at least a week before her rivals, and both owners and Captain would make a fortune. The owners did not think the plan such a brilliant one as their Captain did.

There seems to be quite a competition between the rulers of the earth as to who shall have the best right to be called "The Pacificator." It looked as though the young Emperor of Russia would be known by that honourable title, until his counsellors proved to the world that the Tartar is still to be found under the Russian skin, and then our own King and the President of the French Republic shared the mantle of

peace. Now the newly re-elected President of the United States claims a third of it. If the question of contraband of war and the rights of neutrals can be settled by any conference, a great boon will be conferred on our shipping trade; but England, in her position of Mistress of the Sea, is in the rather curious situation that she, as a possible belligerent, is most interested in upholding the right of search and confiscation, though her subjects are now suffering the most from them. America also suffers, but the Americans do not squeal quite so loudly as we do when their pockets are touched.

From England's point of view, the re-election of President Roosevelt is a fortunate event. Not that Judge Parker's policy and that of the Democrats towards this country would be likely to differ much from that of the Republicans. Both the candidates are thoroughly staunch Americans, and their country's good is the one star on which they fix their gaze. If a close friendship with

England is consonant with American prosperity, then both Judge Parker and Mr. Roosevelt would probably prefer England as their country's friend to any other nation. But Mr. Roosevelt is a known quantity to our statesmen, he is a tremendous power in his own country, our statesmen can tell pretty well what line he will take on any given subject, and know that his line will be followed by his fellow-countrymen. Judge Parker is still a closed book to our diplomats, and, in addition, had he been elected, the Senate and the House of Representatives might not respond easily to the pressure of his reins.

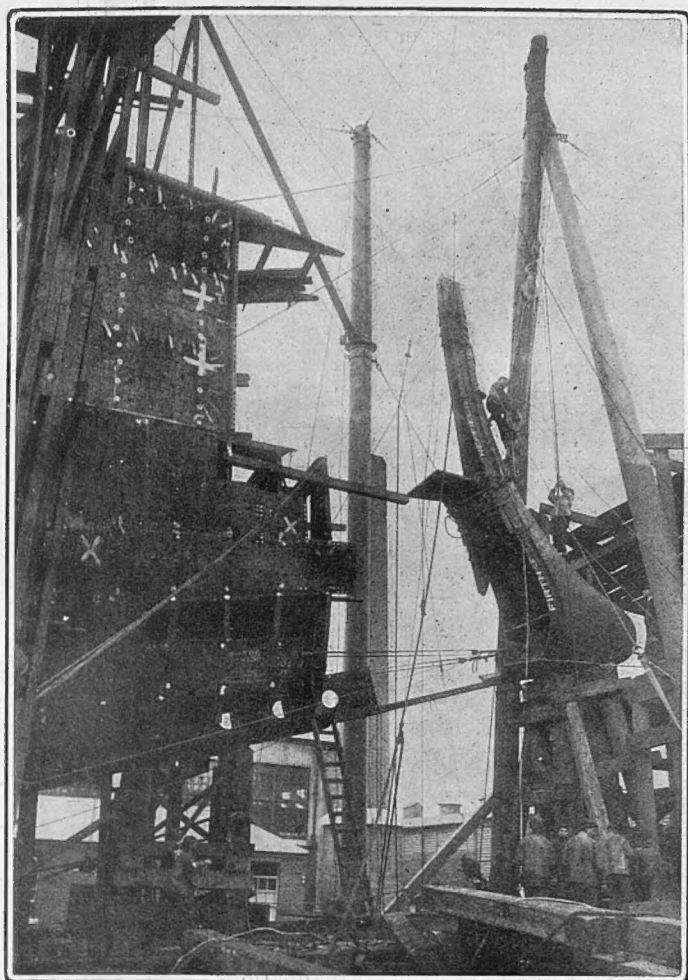
The German Director of the Arsenal of the Ameer of Afghanistan appears to have been murdered by his escort as he was going down into India for his annual holiday. The Ameer will punish the murderers if he can catch them, and that is all that will happen. No doubt the German Emperor would like to sit in state in full uniform while an Afghan Prince put dust on his forehead and

apologised; but such a ceremony is not to be dreamed of, for every European who goes into Afghanistan does so at his or her own risk. Cavagnari, who was murdered at Kabul, was the last European for whose life our Government held the Ameer responsible, and now the British envoy at the Afghan capital is always a native officer and a Mohammedan, and is not an object for the religious hate of the fanatics who abound in the fierce mountain-country. Sir Thomas Salter Pyne, who at one time held the same position as that of the murdered man, had several adventures which might have ended in the loss of his life had not fortune befriended him, and the gentleman who for a time acted as doctor to the late Ameer always thought it prudent to give an Afghan regiment on the march a wide berth. No doubt, the soldiers on whose hands are the blood of the murdered man consider that they have done a most meritorious deed and have assured themselves of an entrance hereafter to Paradise.

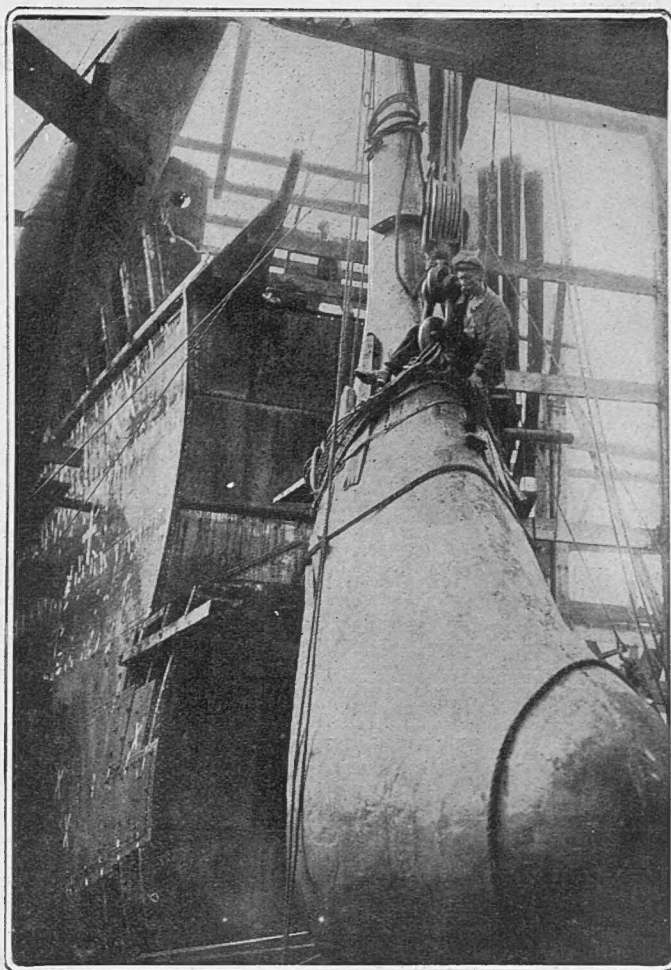


SEEN (BY DUDLEY HARDY) OUTSIDE THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, AFTER A PERFORMANCE OF "MERELY MARY ANN." THE SONG IS SUNG IN THE PLAY.

PEACE AND WAR: SOME INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS.



FITTING THE RAM TO H.M.S. "BRITANNIA": THE RAM IS OF SOLID STEEL AND WEIGHS ABOUT FORTY TONS.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE RAM: THE FIGURE OF THE MAN GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE WEAPON.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



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By Campbell-Gray.

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THE
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THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S ARRIVAL.

THE CAMERA AS WAR ARTIST:

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EVER RECEIVED.

"THE FLUTE OF PAN."

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
NOVEMBER 19.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING now has two birthdays per annum, and the customary celebration of the New Year makes three occasions for distributing honours. Perhaps it is lucky for some people that His Majesty was not born on Feb. 29 in a Leap Year. The latest list is short because of the approaching General Election, when the Government will go out in a regular shower of coronets and stars and crosses. The Navy comes out very well for once in a

way, as compared with the Army, for even the two Generals who get the Bath—Lieutenant-General Sir W. P. Wright and Major-General W. Campbell—are Marines. Sir Compton Domville, who gets a "G.C.B.," has been for a couple of years or so Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. He has a round, benevolent face, and is an officer of thoroughly modern ideas. The Hon. Charles Parsons, of turbine fame, who gets a "C.B.," may come in here, for he has built turbine-engines for the Navy. He is a son of the telescopic Lord Rosse, was a high Wrangler at Cambridge and a good oar, though he never got into the Light Blue boat.

Other Decorations. Sir Thomas Fuller, Cape Colony's Agent-General, who gets a "K.C.M.G.," is an old journalist, who turned from editing the *Cape Argus* to manage the Union Steamship Company, and was on the Board of De Beers all through the war. Sir Aston Webb's knighthood, though well deserved in a sense, yet seems a little "previous," as the architectural "spread" in front of Buckingham Palace, for which he is responsible, is by no means finished yet.



OUR ROYAL GUEST: THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

Photograph by Camacho, Lisbon.

King Carlos. What was once said of the happy country may well apply to modern Sovereigns. The King of Portugal, though he has no history as yet, is shrewd, kindly, and brave. Before his marriage to the charming French Princess who has now been his Queen for close on twenty years, he was noted for his almost reckless courage, often taking part incognito in the bull-fights which are just as popular in Portugal as in Spain. He is undoubtedly the best Royal shot now living, and this taste, curiously enough, is one which he shares with his mother-in-law, the Comtesse de Paris, who, before her husband's death, went out regularly with the guns, generally bringing back a heavier bag than any of her own or the Comte de Paris' guests. It is interesting to recall the fact that King Carlos is own grandson to the redoubtable Victor Emmanuel, first Sovereign of United Italy, and from him he inherits some remarkable traits in his character.



OUR ROYAL GUEST: THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Photograph by Camacho, Lisbon.

Queen Marie Amélie has many claims to the respect and sympathy of this country. She is collaterally descended from the hapless Marie Antoinette, who is, after Mary Queen of Scots, perhaps the most romantic figure in history. Then, again, she was actually born within sound of Bow Bells—that is, at Twickenham—and she spent her childhood close to London. When the Royal exiles returned to France, there seemed no hope that the children of the Comte de Paris would make good marriages. But the Heir-Apparent of the King of Portugal was seeking a wife, and, by great good-luck for himself as well as for the pretty Princess Marie Amélie of Orleans, he fell in love with her portrait and hied to Paris, where their first informal meeting took place at the French Academy. The young Duchess of Braganza—for King Carlos did not succeed his father for some years—soon won golden opinions in her new country, and the true gratitude of the poor and ailing, for her hobby is medical work and nursing.

Peer-Mayors. Only a few years ago there was quite a number of Peer-Mayors, including even two or three Dukes, such as their Graces of Norfolk, Bedford, and Sutherland; but this year one finds only one Earl and one Baron in the lists. That Earl De La Warr should be Mayor of Bexhill is natural enough, seeing that he created the place, as the late and the present Dukes of Devonshire have created Eastbourne. He is a good-looking man, with fair hair and blue eyes. The other Peer-Mayor, Lord Cheylesmore, who presides over Westminster, is, perhaps, better known as Major-General the Hon. Herbert Eaton, for he succeeded his brother in the title only two years ago. Few men are more popular in Society; he is a capital shot and is a leading member of the Four-in-Hand. His collecting hobby is naval and military medals. Lady Cheylesmore belongs to the distinguished group of American Peeresses.

Their Commoner Worships. It seems to be the smart thing now for London parsons to be Mayors—the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield having undertaken Marylebone for a second year, the Rev. A. W. Jephson, Southwark, and the Rev. J. H. Anderson, Wandsworth. Moreover, the Rev. Jenkins Jones, a Non-conformist minister, is again Mayor of Woolwich. Another curious thing is that in Kent they do not seem fond of changing their Mayors. Thus, Mr. Finn takes Lydd for the seventeenth time, Sir William Crundall takes Dover for the twelfth year, and Sir George Collard Canterbury for the tenth time—surely a record for one county.

Lady Newborough. Lady Newborough is an American Peeress, for she was, before her marriage, Miss Grace Carr, the daughter of a distinguished soldier of the United States Army. Lady Newborough and her sister, now Mrs. Chauncey, spent much of their youth in Europe, and they met Lord Newborough in Cairo, their meeting being shortly after followed by the announcement of the engagement. The head of the house of Wynn has a delightful place in Denbighshire, which bears a name strangely reminiscent of that belonging to Lord Anglesey, for it is called Plas Newydd. He also has a very delightful town-house in Portland Place. Lady Newborough shares her distinguished husband's love of yachting, and they often spend brief holidays in their fine boat, the *Fedora*.

very pleasant house in Rutland Gate. As becomes so active a sportsman and rider to hounds, he much prefers his life at Glossop Hall, in Derbyshire, and at his Scotch seat near Fort William. His wife, who is one of the Scott-Kerrs of Chatto and Sunlaws, an old Roxburghshire family, bears the pretty and uncommon name of Hyacinthe. She, too, though strikingly handsome, with well-marked features and wonderful eyes, is not much seen in London Society. Lord and Lady Howard of Glossop have two children, a boy and a girl, and, curiously enough, Lord Howard also had a "pigeon pair" by his first wife. His heir, Mr. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, is nineteen.



LADY NEWBOROUGH, AN AMERICAN PEERESS.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

The Attorney-General. Sir Robert Finlay, who attended several Cabinet meetings for the purpose of advising the Ministers with reference to the North Sea incident and the International Tribunal, has been a Law Officer of the Crown for nine successive years. This is an unusually long spell, but Sir Robert enjoys the life of the House of Commons. It is rather remarkable that the first profession for which he studied was that of a doctor. He took a medical degree at Edinburgh in 1863, but subsequently he studied for the English Bar, and was called in 1867. With the exception of one short Parliament, 1892 to 1895, he has represented the Inverness Burghs since 1885. One of these burghs is Nairn, where he spends part of the recess and plays golf. In recent years, however, he has been a good deal at North Berwick, in the company of the Prime Minister.

It was when Sir Edward Clarke refused the Solicitor-Generalship in 1895 that Sir Robert Finlay obtained that post, and he succeeded the present Lord Chief Justice as Attorney-General in 1900. Rumour says that either the one or the other would have been promoted to the Woolsack if there had been a vacancy; but Lord Halsbury shows no sign of weariness, and recently gave the Free Church of Scotland proof of his vigour. Sir Robert Finlay, in his earliest years in Parliament, was conspicuous among Liberal-Unionists on account of the ability and resoluteness with which he denounced Home Rule, and he had one or two sharp passages with Mr. Gladstone. It was in those speeches that he laid the foundation of his Parliamentary reputation. In recent years, of course, he has dealt chiefly with the legal aspect of political questions. He is held in general respect in the House, and appears to be on very friendly terms with Mr. Balfour, although the latter has a distaste, as a rule, for lawyers.

Our Latest Little War. With the termination of the Tibet Expedition still fresh in the memory, we have just embarked on yet another miniature war. The offenders on this occasion are the Nyam-Nyams, and the charges against them are those of attacking British patrols and practising cannibalism and the sacrifice of human beings. Two thousand five hundred men, with a Maxim battery and a mounted-infantry corps, are to move against the tribe, which numbers some five-and-twenty thousand warriors and may be found anywhere six to eight hundred miles south of Khartoum. Their subjection will lead to the opening up of railway communication under the superintendence of Slatin Pasha. The Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, and his Staff began their journey up the White Nile towards Fashoda some days ago.

King John II. of England. America, wearied of silver-kings, oil-kings, wheat-kings, and similar

plebeian monarchs, now boasts that it holds the rightful King of England. This worthy is introduced to us through the prosaic medium of the advertisement columns of the

New York American, presumably at the cost of some dollars, for he is also treated to the coveted "editorial." From this it would appear that he should be styled John II., and that nothing but the sins of his forbears prevents him from "toasting his toes at the regal hearth."

Doubtless as the next best thing, he proposes to wed the daughter of a New York millionaire, who, it must be supposed, has been attracted by the originality evinced by a poet who contrives to rhyme "Hesperides" with "divides." Genealogists should find it an amusing, if profitless, task to trace the Hodnett branch of the King's family-tree.

The Gibson Girl. According to the *New York Journal Examiner*, Miss Camille Clifford, the "representative of the most perfect type of the American Gibson girl," cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called an American. Her father, Reynold Clifford, was half a Dane and half an Irishman, and married a pretty Norwegian girl named Athilda Ottersen. Camille was born in Antwerp, but her parents soon went to live in Christiania, afterwards emigrating to Nova Scotia. There the mother died, and, five years ago, Camille Ottersen, as she was then called, landed at Boston, unable to speak a word of English. It is, as the *Journal* observes, rather a joke on Charles Dana Gibson that the girl picked out to impersonate his widely accepted type of American girl should be a pure-bred European who has merely stayed for a few years in the States.

A Papal Tip. The Pope evidently holds the "no tip" cry in little esteem. It is reported that a negress who served Monsignor Pagiat, His Holiness's representative, with an especially excellent luncheon at St. Louis Exhibition, has received from Rome a silver medal specially blessed.

Lord Howard of Glossop. Lord Howard of Glossop, who is a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Edmund Talbot and in the line of succession to that most delectable duchy, is not at all a town-mouse, though he has a



LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP.

Photograph by Whitlock, Ltd., Birmingham.

The Riviera Express. Those who intend going to the South of France this winter will be glad to hear that a new fast express between Paris and Nice has just been started. The six hundred and seventy-six miles will be covered in one day, the journey taking rather less than fourteen hours, going at an average of about forty-nine miles an hour. The fastest portion of the journey is that between Valence and Avignon.

A Fair Beauty. Lady Anglesey might well claim to be, even in these days of superlatives, the most beautiful of the fair beauties now in cosmopolitan Society. She was, before her marriage to the eccentric young Peer of whom the world has been hearing so much lately, Miss Lilian Chetwynd, the daughter of the



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

jovial sporting Baronet, Sir George Chetwynd, and Florence, Lady Hastings. The young Marchioness lives a great deal abroad, and she is very much liked in the smart Paris world, where her somewhat plaintive charm is considered peculiarly English. She is often, also, at Dinard. Lady Anglesey is in no sense a twentieth-century woman. She is very fond of literature and of art, and, though she rides remarkably well, she has never cared to hunt, and she indulges in no form of sport. She dresses in the picturesque style which naturally suits her tall, willowy figure and masses of fair hair; and she has a wonderful collection of jewels, her favourite stones being emeralds.

*The New
Privy Councillor.*

For his services as Government Whip, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood has been created a Privy Councillor, so that henceforth he will be "Right Honourable." He deserved any honour that the Prime Minister could recommend the King to bestow. No Whip ever had a more harassing time than Sir Alexander endured last Session with disaffected groups and dining loungers, and with acrimonious contests between Free Traders and Tariff Reformers. His anxious face as he surveyed his men excited the sympathy even of opponents. Perhaps he was inclined once or twice to throw up a thankless post, but loyalty and devotion to his chief induced him to cling to it. Sir Alexander was in the Grenadier Guards and served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. Ten years later, he retired from the Army and entered Parliament, where his tall, military figure soon became conspicuous. He has found discipline more difficult as a Parliamentary Whip than as Adjutant of the Grenadiers.

New Barons.

Of the three Members of Parliament who have been raised to the Baronetcy, the best-known at Westminster are Sir Charles Cayzer and Sir J. Fortescue-Flannery. Mr. James Heath is personally popular, but is classed among the silent members. He is an ironmaster and colliery-owner in Staffordshire, and has a special claim on Mr. Balfour's regard, inasmuch as he is a golfer. Both Sir Charles Cayzer and Sir J. Fortescue-Flannery are conspicuous and thorough supporters of the Government. The former is head of the Clan Line of steamers and speaks chiefly on shipping questions. His amiability makes him a favourite on both sides. He has two estates in Scotland—Ralston, in Renfrewshire, and Gartmore, in Perthshire. Sir J. Fortescue-Flannery, who takes part frequently in debate, is a Progressive Unionist. As a great marine-engineer, he speaks with authority on certain Navy subjects. He also is a golfer.

*Lady Semon in
Search of Relatives.*

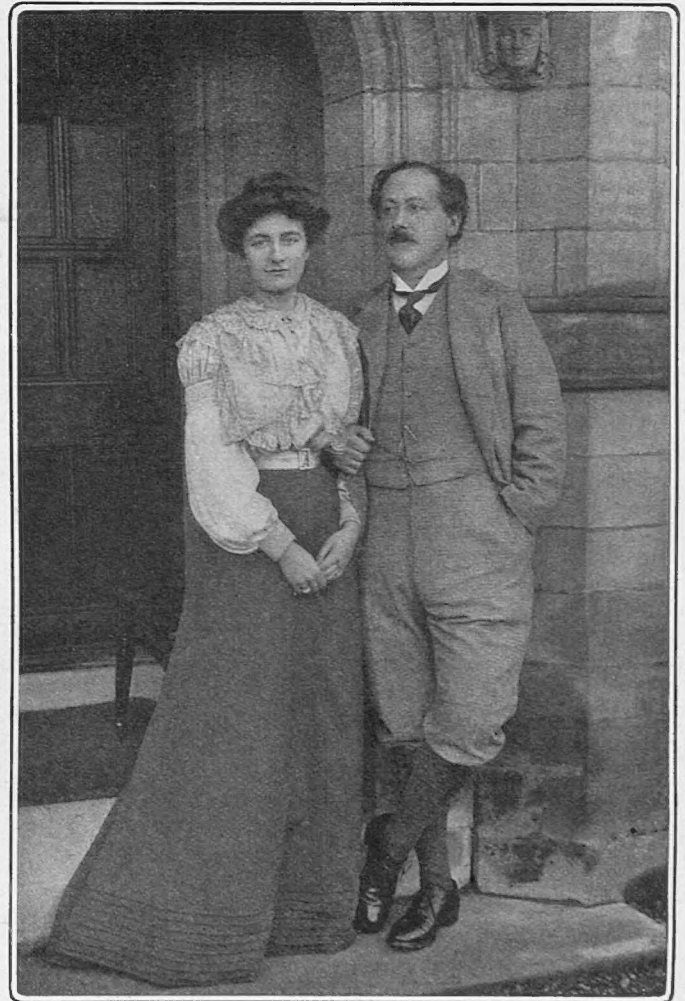
The visit of Sir Felix and Lady Semon to America has assumed quite a romantic nature by the announcement that it was undertaken with the object of tracing the whereabouts of Lady Semon's brother and sister, who emigrated from Germany some years ago, and of whom nothing further was heard. The search has already resulted in the discovery that the brother is dead, and a mausoleum is to be erected over his grave in Philadelphia. The sister, for whom inquiries are still being made, is believed to be in Canada. Lady Semon, who married Sir Felix five-and-twenty years ago, is the daughter of Mr. H. Redeker, a merchant of Cloppenburg.

*"Vons" and
Hyphens.*

Those users of the coveted predicate "von" whose persons come within the jurisdiction of the Prussian authorities will do well to look up their family-trees and satisfy themselves that they are entitled to the addition, lest they find themselves in hot water. The police have been instructed to compile lists of all who have adopted the prefix to their names, in order that the heralds may decide upon their right to do so. Bogus "von"-ders will be warned to cease their wicked ways without delay, or suffer pains and penalties not yet defined. Could not the British authorities be persuaded to aid the much-harassed writers whose misfortune it is to fall foul of sensitive celebrities by occasionally omitting the aristocratic hyphen by going to work on the same lines, and by providing an official list of "double-barrelled" families?

A Popular Pair.

It may be doubted if there is in the whole of the political world so popular a pair as Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gladstone. Not even the most bitter old Tory has ever been heard to say a word against the Liberal Whip; and as for his young wife, the fact that she comes out of a real Conservative stronghold—her father was for many years a Conservative M.P.—has, perhaps, softened political asperities. Be that as it may, the engagement of Mr. Herbert Gladstone to Miss Paget brought about one of those pretty, spontaneous, sentimental demonstrations which occasionally take place in the House of Commons. On the evening of the day that the news became public, the bridegroom-elect, walking unobtrusively into the House, was greeted with a burst of cheering. Mrs. Gladstone, though she has taken her place quite adequately



MR. AND MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

Photograph by T. Chidley, Chester.

among the Liberal hostesses, has not come much to the front. She loves a quiet country life and is very fond of animals. On the other hand, when in town she is very often an interested spectator and hearer of Parliamentary debates, and during the summer Session she frequently entertains some of her husband's colleagues and supporters down at the House of Commons.

A Bonapartist Fire-Eater.

The notorious French journalist, Paul de Cassagnac, became a Bonapartist because as a young man he fell violently in love with the Empress Eugénie. In 1870 he was offered a post in the Ministry of Commerce, but, as he had done all he could to bring on the war by his writings, he thought it his duty to join the army. He went all through the luckless campaign, and has left it on record that, when Napoleon III. got into his carriage after Sedan, it was upon Cassagnac's shoulder that he leaned. Paul de Cassagnac was quite silly in his Anglophobia, but he was just as abusive of his own countrymen if they upheld the Republic, and he never hesitated to defend his opinions with his sword.

Fighting Legislators.

Fisticuffs in the French Chamber have become too common to excite more than passing interest nowadays, but there is one quarrel which has become almost historic. It occurred during the Congress at which M. Carnot was elected President of the Republic, when no less a personage than M. Jules Ferry fell out with M. Andrieux. A violent quarrel took place at Versailles, and the two adversaries had got to close quarters. However, before they actually came to blows they were separated by their friends, and the next day M. Andrieux was congratulated on not having been hurt. "On the contrary," said he, "I suffered very much. Ferry had been eating garlic."

M. Lépine's Inventions.

When the history of M. Lépine's tenure of the difficult office of Police Prefect comes to be written (writes our Paris Correspondent), the author of his biography will, if he know his Kipling, as a good many Frenchmen do in these "Entente Cordiale" days, probably call the volume "Many Inventions," for the reign of Lépine I. over the good town of Paris has been a record of much ingenuity. He has given us the annual Toy Show, the river police, the bicycle police, the much-derided white bâton for the control of traffic, the canine police (a trio of Newfoundlands for life-saving purposes), and has introduced automobiles into the Fire Brigade, and now Paris is to be experimentally endowed with mounted police, something like those of London and of Berlin. At present, of course, everybody on the Boulevards is laughing at the notion, but M. Lépine has a knack of carrying through his plans, and I have little doubt that mounted police will before long be a feature of Lutetia's life.

Gaston Serpette.

Poor Gaston Serpette! While playgoers in London were revelling in the revival of his dainty score to "Amorelle," this prince of good fellows and best of men died very suddenly in Paris. I met him on the last evening of his life at the Variétés, where he was expressing his pleasure at the revival of operette upon the Boulevards, and the next afternoon read of his death in the newspapers. Serpette was the most genial collaborator librettist ever had, and, as M. Ernest Blum said of him a few days since, perhaps the only composer of renown who never quarrelled with his fellow-workers. Once, and once only, did Serpette prove obstinate, and then in most amusing fashion. He had written the music to an operette, "Little Red Riding-Hood,"

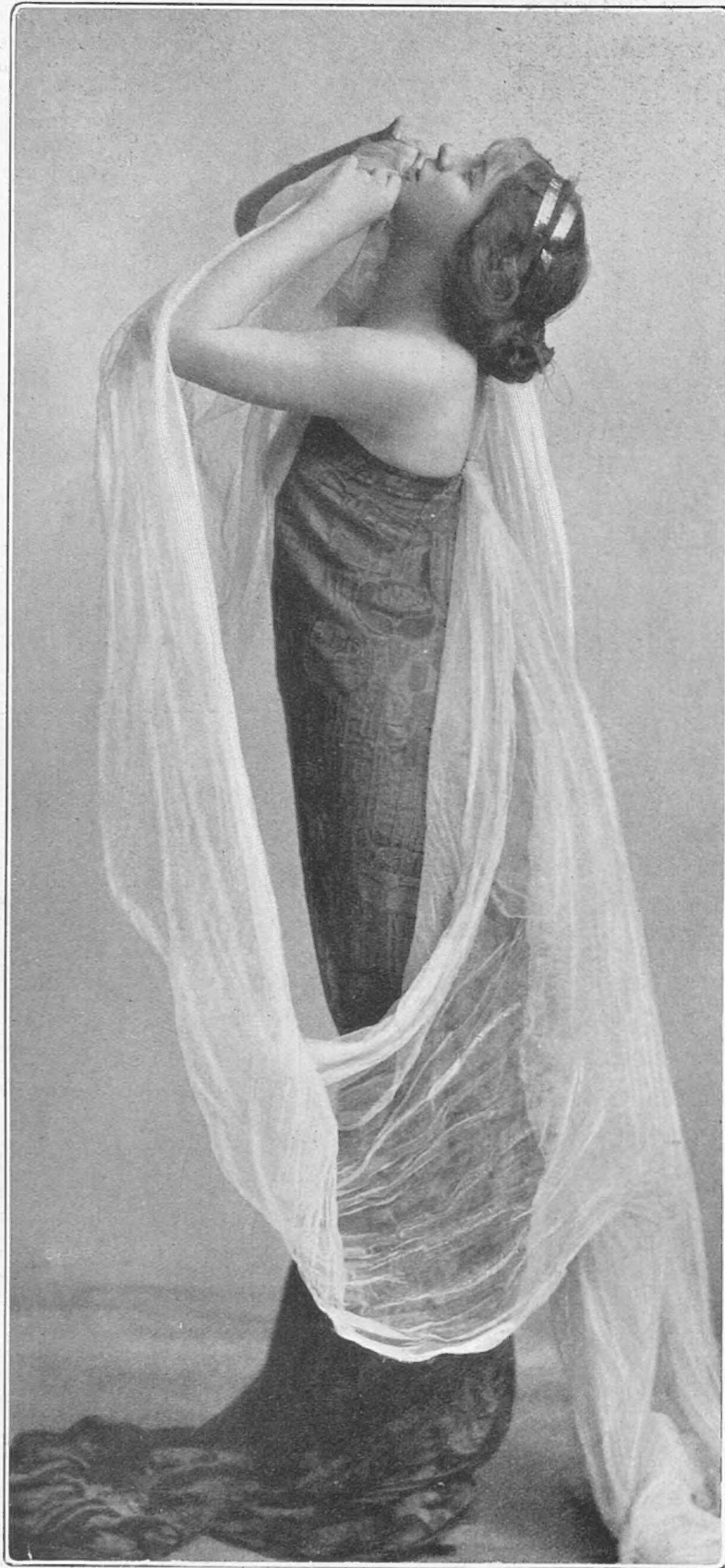
by MM. Blum and Toché, and the piece was billed for production and rehearsed, when Madame Théo, who was to have played the leading rôle, fell ill. Her understudy played the part, and at this last rehearsal Serpette looked unhappy.

On the first-night, when orchestra and actors were in readiness, the score of the new operette could not be found. There was a wild hunt through the theatre, and finally the audience had to be sent home, for it could not be found, nor could Gaston Serpette.

M. Blum rushed off in a cab to his house, where he was told that M. Serpette had gone to the country. M. Toché went to the publisher's, and was informed that Serpette had gone, with the score, and would return only when a good substitute was found for Madame Théo. Madame Ugalde eventually consented to learn and rehearse the part in three days, and the play was given with immense success. "I did not like protesting," was all that Serpette said when he came back with the score under his arm, "and thought that what I did would prove considerably more effective." This it undoubtedly did.

The Comédie- Française.

People like to read of the earnings of other folk, and this must be my excuse for giving publicity to the immense sums earned in the past year by the Sociétaires of the Comédie-Française, which theatre has in the last twelvemonth distributed a sum of nearly thirty thousand pounds among its actors and actresses, who work, as everybody knows, on joint-stock principles. Mesdames Bartet, Dudley, and Pierson, and MM. Mounet-Sully, Coquelin cadet, Lebargy, Silvain, and the others who receive whole shares have earned two thousand two hundred pounds each during the year, and all the other members of the Français Company have earned proportionately less. At the first flush these sums look small beside the earnings of some of our actors and our actresses at home, but it must be remembered that the Français actor has not months of "resting" to consider, and that, whether he be or be not included in the cast of a successful play, he draws his income just the same. Many of the Sociétaires of the Comédie (MM. Berr and de Féraudy, to cite but two of them) derive large incomes from the rights on plays which they write in their leisure, and nearly all the Sociétaires are allowed by the management to tour the provinces and foreign towns, thus adding, often large sums, to the income which they draw from the house of Molière. The piece which has been played most often in the course of 1903



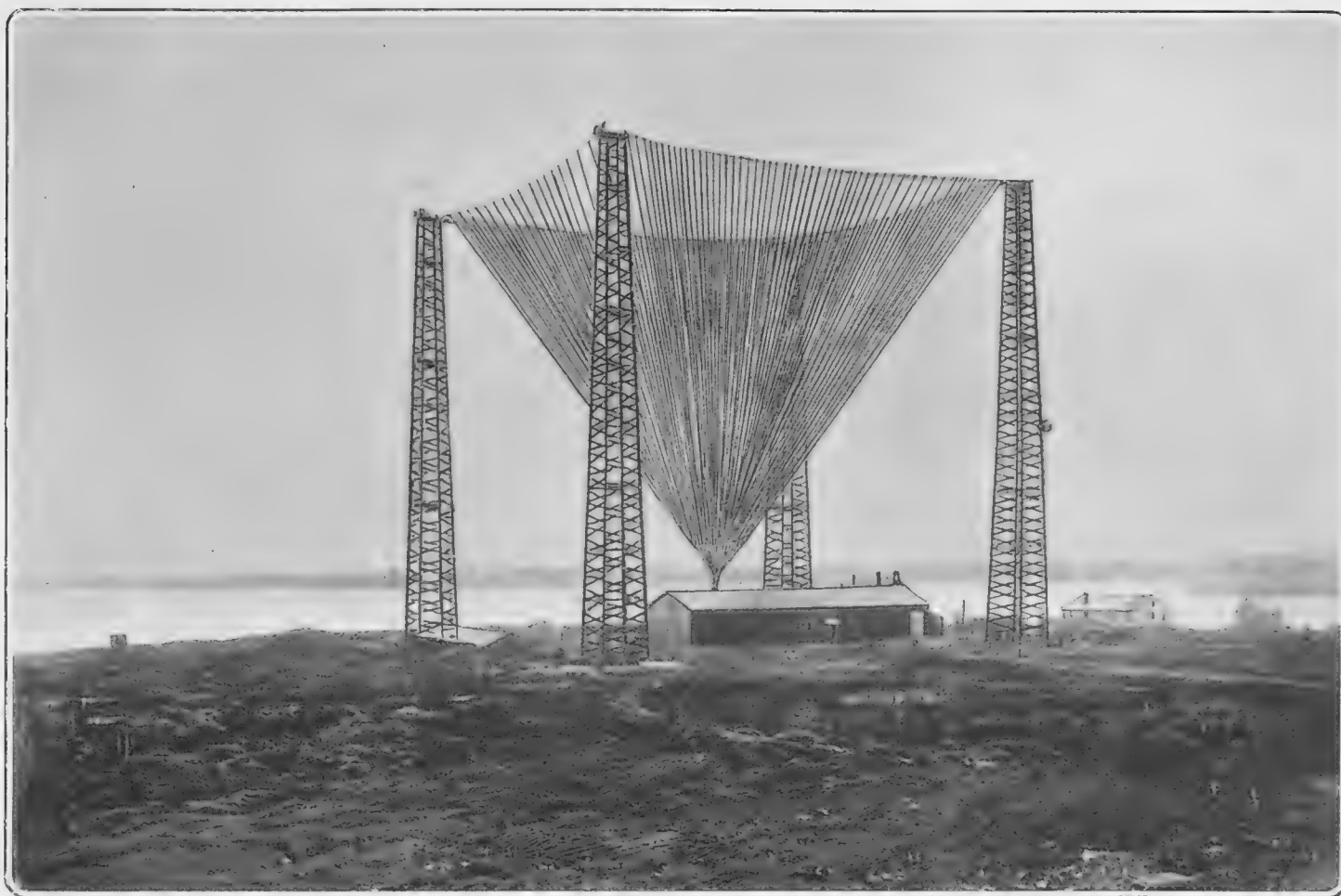
ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: AN AMERICAN STUDY.

Photograph by Elizabeth Tonnelle, New York.

has been M. Donnay's "L'Autre Danger," which, it will be remembered, was given, by the King's special request, during his official "Entente Cordiale" visit to the Ville Lumière. "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," by M. Octave Mirbeau, ranks next on the list.

Sir Frank Lascelles. The British Ambassador in Berlin has left his post on a month's leave of absence, which he is spending in England. Sir Frank Lascelles will return to Berlin shortly before Christmas, when, it is said, he is expecting his daughter, Mrs. Spring Rice, to visit him.

THE PROGRESS OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.



MARCONI RECEIVING-STATION AT NOVA SCOTIA.



AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS: SENDING A MESSAGE BY THE DE FOREST SYSTEM.

Photographs by G. Grantham Bain, New York.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THEY manage some things better in France, but Parliamentary procedure is not one of them. Even our most advanced Parliamentarians would hesitate to rush up to the front bench and make a brutal assault upon a Minister who is nearly seventy years old. Yet that is what a certain M. Syveton did to General André in Paris a few days ago. The assault was so sudden, so unprovoked, and so brutal that there is only one explanation. The General must have given shelter to torpedo-craft. Somewhere in his pockets he must have had a couple of torpedo-boats. The gallant M. Syveton must have received warning that the Minister of War was armed, and in self-defence assaulted him. So the General was taken home to bed talking very eloquently, and M. Syveton is left at large. No other explanation is possible, unless M. Syveton had been drinking vodka—I mean, absinthe. It remains now for his constituents to send him a

Continental Opinion.

Perhaps we are too insular to care for what other people may think of us, but the other morning I met a Russian friend who expressed his view of the European situation quite frankly. Like most Russians, he is convinced that Japan must be worn down in the end, and that Russia will sacrifice as many Russian soldiers as may be required, and as much French and German money as she can borrow. "The Baltic affair was simply a regrettable mistake," he said. "Call it panic if you please; it was not intentional murder. Russian gentlemen do not do these things, and Rojdestvensky is a man worthy of respect. Of course, we knew it would lead to nothing—if the indemnity was promised. You in England are too practical. If we had said, we will keep the Fleet at Vigo, but will not pay any money, Europe would have been convulsed; but when we said that we would settle your bill, but couldn't delay the



[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

VISITOR: *Oh, my sister has one of these pig-books. Isn't it fun, trying to draw a pig with your eyes shut!*
 ARTIST (coldly): *Those are not pigs. Those are some little sheep-studies that I did on the Cotswolds.*

telegram saying that their heart is with him, and that all will come right in the end. Then General André will be left to heal his bruises, and the incident will be closed.

L'Affaire Rojdestvensky.

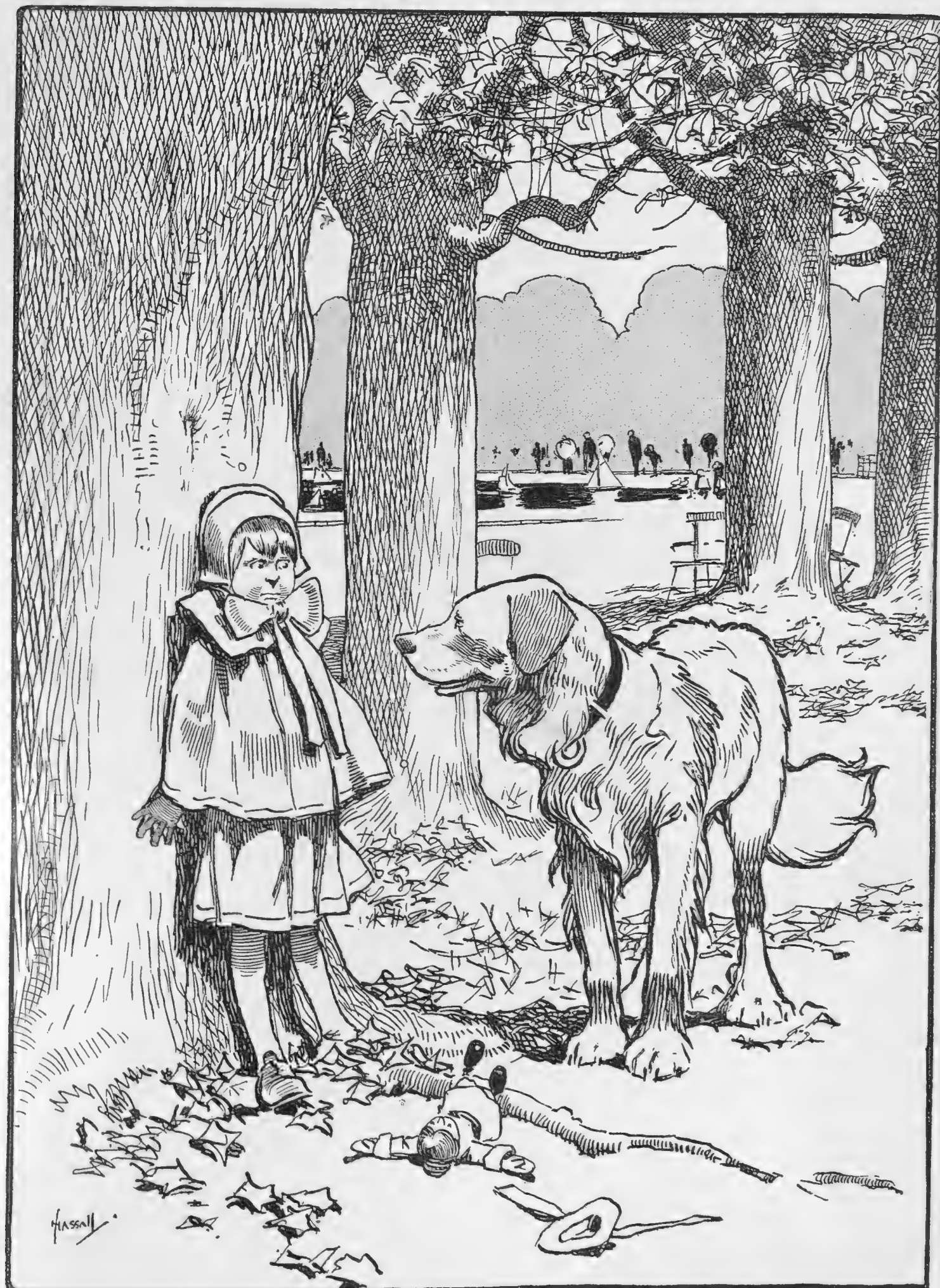
In all seriousness, it is undeniable that the collection of oddments called the Baltic Fleet is moving to South African waters with a brilliant victory to its credit. Admiral Rojdestvensky has not triumphed over the trawlers' fleet—few of us can imagine that he was deliberately responsible for that cold-blooded butchery; but he has triumphed over the British Cabinet, Foreign Office, and Fleet. We have talked, mobilised, and allowed "I dare not" to wait upon "I would." It is more than likely that this fatal indecision will land us in war. Not at once, perhaps, but in a little time. All political failures come home to roost, and in days not far off we shall probably regret that we did not insist upon the retention of the guilty vessels at Vigo, or, failing that, add them to the Russian submarines. Had we been forced to substitute deeds for words, there would have been a big outcry, but it would not have mattered. With Italy our friend in the Mediterranean, and France at least as well disposed to us as to Russia and not anxious to go to war for the sake of the Kaiser's *beaux yeux*, the outcry would have subsided and the British Flag would have recovered all the respect that is due to it.

journey to Port Arthur any longer, there was no further trouble. We say that you can do anything in England or to England if you are ready to pay for the damage done." He went on to discuss the action of the British cruisers in shadowing the Baltic Fleet. "That may be regarded as the concession that your diplomatists have made to the more militant of their supporters," he remarked.

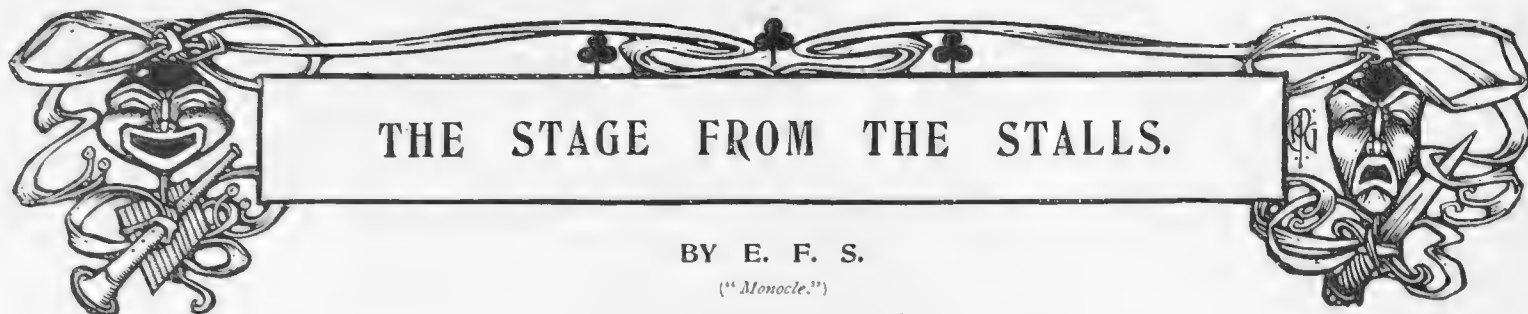
Friends Across the Seas.

During the recent troubles in the armed camp of Europe some significant statements about German action have passed almost unchallenged through the papers. It is generally agreed that most of the warnings that reached the high officials of the Russian Fleet came from Germany. Certainly the German Press in its comments upon the outrage showed no anxiety to keep the peace, and went on to taunt Great Britain with having done very little to assert her self-respect. Again, it is said that many of the crowd that assembled to hiss Count Benckendorff on his arrival at Victoria Station were natives of Germany. It is certain that German neutrality in dealing with the requirements of Russian warships is of a highly suspicious kind. In fact, the Teuton is fishing in very troubled waters just now, and is striving earnestly to persuade other fishermen to fight one another, in order that he may secure a better haul. If the Kaiser's Fleet were but as large as his ideas, Europe would be no fit abiding-place for peace-loving people just now.

Studies of Children. By John Hassall.



VII.—A MODERN VERSION OF "LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD."



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD"—THE GERMAN COMPANY—THE MERMAID SOCIETY—"TRILBY."

THE experiment of altering on the fiftieth night the ending of Mr. Fagan's play, "The Prayer of the Sword," is curious and interesting, though by no means without precedent in modern times. In some of the cases, no doubt, a violence has been done to works, for sake of popularity, that did not seem excusable; but it must be remembered that very often this kind of crime is committed ere a play is produced, and consequently censure is escaped. The dramatist may be permitted a licence in this matter that can hardly be accorded to a novelist. For the latter, when his work is in proof, is really able to see how it will read—so far as a parent ever is able truly to see his offspring—whereas nothing but actual production can in any case show the dramatist what his work is like. Even at an ordinary dress-rehearsal one does not get a true view of a drama—a fact which explains some of the many apparently astounding mistakes of managers. Consequently, it may happen that a sad ending, which, until the work actually is played, seems inevitable to the dramatist, does not then appear to be necessary. Those who strongly object to false happy-ever-after endings do not desire gloomy conclusions from mere love of gloom, but from objection to insincerity. In relation to "The Prayer of the Sword," a fair case may be made on behalf of the author, and any shock to the playgoer is, perhaps, more due to an expectation from the style of the play that it will be tragic than to any flagrant introduction of the essentially inharmonious. Assuming that the original ending affected the popularity of the play, it is regrettable that the work was not produced in its present form, since much of it is quite admirable. Mr. Fagan, no doubt, has a good deal to learn, but he starts with a fair knowledge of technique and a capacity for writing verse often powerful, sometimes rich in beauty, and rarely commonplace. The management, too, has mounted the play very handsomely, and with judgment. The Company, which includes such popular players as Miss Lily Brayton, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. Brydone, and Mr. Lyall Swete, as well as Mr. Angelo and Mr. Walter Hampden, till now an actor without fame in London, gives an admirable performance of this romantic drama, which is agreeably distinguishable from some other romantic dramas, lately produced, by its virility and note of originality.

The German Theatre has begun its sixth season in an unsensational fashion by the production of a four-Act farcical comedy, which, I believe, they had already presented in London some years ago. "Die Grosstadtluft," by the well-known playwrights Oscar Blumenthal and Kadelberg, is not exactly a masterpiece of wit or humour, or, indeed, quite worth coming from Germany to perform, yet contains an amusing, ingenious collection of improbable complications, and, of course, was capitally acted. The "of course" refers to the fact that the German Companies have certainly shown us a very high standard of acting, largely due to a principle of give-and-take between the members, the absence of which is often sadly noticeable in our playhouses. One also notices in their work, as a rule, a very agreeable exhibition of devotion by the individual players to the piece. To a great extent, they have acted as if the curtain were down, as though no spectators existed the other side of the footlights. Of course, no Company can absolutely ignore the existence of an audience, or may behave exactly as if in real life. The players must speak louder than in real life, and render their "business" visible. The latter point is often ignored in London to an absurd extent. At many of our playhouses the spectators occupying the outside seats cannot see the line of stage and "exits" on their side of the house. Yet important things are often done and vital scenes frequently pass close to the

wings or at the side "exits," with the result that a number of people in such a case—one can hardly call them audience or spectators—do not know what is going on and are exasperated. The art of the stage-manager is to hit the mean between "realism" in acting and the almost worse offence of "playing to the gallery." The playing to the gallery is a conspicuous fault of our comedians, and it is not improbably due to the fact that of late years the authority of the stage-manager has waned, whilst the actors and actresses have gained in individual and general importance.

It may be remarked that among the German players—and it also was observable at the Avenue in the French Company headed by M. Tarride—this playing to the gallery is not so painfully noticeable as in our theatre, whilst the self-sacrifice of identity of actor and actress is greater than among our players. Of course, there are exceptions on both sides, and it may be noted that among the British players the exceptions have been conspicuous in performances of the plays of Mr. Pinero and of works given by the Stage Society, and generally in case of dramas of peculiar interest or unusual character rendered by casts chosen without regard to the "star" system. It must not, however, be imagined that the German players are without "stars" of a brightness now well recognised here as well as in their native land.

The Mermaid Society's venture at the Royalty certainly deserves hearty support, for there are many plays by writers famous in the history of literature and drama which have long been neglected, despite superb qualities not greatly marred by circumstances of their times nor requiring for presentation on our stage more drastic treatment than is generally measured out to Shakspeare. Whether, when beginning a new season, the Society was quite wise in choosing a piece relying so much on wit and brilliant acting as "The Way of the World" (already dealt with here when presented in the summer) is doubtful. For a completely satisfying performance would involve resources apparently unattainable at present by the Society.

Still, one may very well be grateful for the chance of seeing the brilliant work at all, and the production has rendered the service of showing the remarkable gifts of Miss Ethel Irving, whose powers as actress have had poor scope in musical comedy; the state of our theatre is such as to make one wonder when advantage will be taken of her talent. I notice that

another charming lady who won her popularity in musico-dramatic work is trying the legitimate, for Miss Kate Cutler is to appear in the "command" performance of "A Man's Shadow" on the 17th. It is to be hoped that the King and Queen of Portugal will not judge the condition of our drama from the fact that the two plays chosen for their delectation are a translation of a French melodrama and an American piece, and that one of the leading actresses is American.

A "Trilby" performance for one matinée hardly demands criticism of the work once the subject of great discussion. The noticeable element was the appearance of Miss Viola Tree in the name-part, in which her charm and talents enabled her to delight many playgoers and critics; indeed, some of the latter have rated her higher than any of her predecessors, which is very great praise. Mr. Henry Ainley was successful in pleasing the house as Little Billee. Mr. Tree was fortunate enough to have at his command several of the strong original Company.



AN IMPRESSION OF MR. HARRY LAUDER, THE QUAIN MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN.

THE LEADING LADY AT THE IMPERIAL.



A STUDY FROM LIFE OF MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

(BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.)

PRAISE, PRAISE, PRAISE.*

"THE actor cannot, like Bacon, proudly appeal from contemporary neglect to the verdict of future ages and distant lands. No. He must be his own monument. He can have no other.

He must be enshrined, if enshrined at all, in hearts as perishable as his own." This frank and honest confession of fact was made by Sir Charles Wyndham at a meeting of the Playgoers' Club in 1897, and is quoted, together with the rest of the speech to which it belongs, in Mr. Edgar Pemberton's biography. Had the author of the biography been content to consider the actor's statement seriously, the difficulties of the task before him might have made him shrink from it, and, really, now the biography is written, it would be difficult to say that we know Sir Charles Wyndham more intimately or that we have any better appreciation of his art than we had before.

In his preface, Mr. Pemberton tells us: "Sir Charles Wyndham has more than once been asked to write his autobiography, but he has declined because, in the first place, he has a great horror of anything that suggests to him self-advertisement, and, in the second place, because he believes that an account of his career would prove uninteresting to the reader." This attitude is reasonable enough, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Pemberton decided to rush in where Sir Charles feared to tread.

The most careful scrutiny of some three hundred and fifty pages fails to show that the author has brought to his task any better equipment than an unbounded but honest admiration for his friend. Mr. Pemberton admires Sir Charles Wyndham as a man and as an actor, and I have not the least doubt in the world that Sir Charles deserves all his friend's praise. But though, if Mr. Pinero is right, we should not tire of burning the incense of praise at the altar of Thespis, something more discriminating than the applause of words must go to the making of a book. Mr. Pemberton's enthusiasm has galloped away with his discrimination; at times it has carried off his grammar, too. Superlatives litter the pages thick as the yellowing leaves in November's woodlands; little, commonplace pieces of dramatic criticism are scattered here and there with a reverent hand, as though they had been penned by an Arnold, a Pater, or a Sainte-Beuve. Terms that belong to war are used with unwarrantable freedom—the production of a successful play is hailed as a "victory," a provincial tour becomes a "campaign." The actor's well-deserved knighthood impresses his biographer so deeply that three references to it are compassed within the first seventy-five pages of the book, and many contemporaries of the biographer are honoured in mention with the qualifying adjectives "good old." It is permissible to call a man "good," and we applaud him for his goodness; to call him "old," and we honour him for his age; but "good old" is vulgar and smacks of the music-hall, recalling sad memories of red-nosed gentlemen who wear shabby hats, carry unshapely umbrellas, and sing in praise of beer, whisky, or lodging-house intrigues.

If Mr. Edgar Pemberton had anything very good to say, even if he could give us tales of moderate interest well told, these might be set against the dull quotations from

newspapers, and the reports of speeches that have now become like champagne that has been left uncorked. Unfortunately, the plums in Mr. Pemberton's pudding are few and far between, and the pudding itself has been made by no expert hand. Here is a specimen of the author's slipshod style—

A short time ago my kind friend and near neighbour, Madame de Navarro, the popular Mary Anderson of a few years ago, and who (if she did not love the sweet retirement of the old-world Worcestershire village lying snugly at the spur of those Cotswold Hills, well-known, well-loved, and immortalised by Shakespeare, in which she lives, too well to leave it) might be the popular Mary Anderson of to-day, told me this little anecdote of the great American comedian, Joseph Jefferson.

Even in his judgment I do not find Mr. Edgar Pemberton sound. He will not admit that Sir Charles Wyndham has made any mistakes, and is inclined to lay the responsibility of the actor's failure in "Cyrano de Bergerac" upon the public. Surely Sir Charles is too accomplished an artist to need advocacy of this sort. Mr. Pemberton's lack of discrimination is shown again by his attitude towards the great gallery grievance—

The disgraceful people who hiss and howl, bellow and boo, at the first performance of a new play are just as wantonly wicked as their ancestors who took joy in bull-baiting and cock-fighting, the difference being that, instead of seeing the flesh of dumb creatures lacerated, they tear at the heart-strings of human beings—nervous actors, and, possibly, a still more anxious author.

An actor does not need a biographer for reasons that Sir Charles Wyndham has set down. During his life he receives the applause of millions of his fellow-creatures; he has stirred them deeply and pleasurably; he has interpreted human nature and life for them, and they are grateful.

The expression of their gratitude is the actor's exceeding great reward, more particularly when they have paid to express it. No other worker comes face to face with those who admire him: the painter, the sculptor, the writer make their appeal to people they will never see, and they take their reward from generations yet unborn. Velasquez, Rembrandt, Plato, and Euripides are still unpaid, but Roscius was rewarded while he lived. At least, I hope he was.

We are united in our homage to Sir Charles Wyndham's talents; he has given us many happy hours, but their memory must die with us. No biography can express adequately to a succeeding generation the gifts that enabled the actor to rise to the highest place in his profession. With Mr. Pemberton's biography before me I have felt as I imagine the chiffonnier of the Paris streets must feel when he comes upon a promising heap of oddments, and, having probed it right through, finds nothing to reward his labours. He says something critical and travels on with a sigh of regret. So do I.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Some readers of "John Chilcote, M.P.," are disappointed with the conclusion. One American reader is very anxious to know where and under what names Eve Chilcote and John Loder were married. How could they be quietly married abroad? Eve cannot say that she is Mrs. Chilcote, a widow, for Chilcote was buried under Loder's name. Assume that this difficulty is passed by. Eve then becomes Mrs. Loder. But John Loder is dead and buried, according to the records. How, then, can she marry a dead man? Another, who thinks that the author has written a strong story, is bitterly disappointed with its conclusion.



(By permission of Sir George Newnes.)

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

From a Miniature.



(By permission of Russell, Baker Street)

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS "SHAUN THE POST" IN "ARRAGH NA POGUE."

Reproduced from "Sir Charles Wyndham." (Hutchinson and Co.)

* "Sir Charles Wyndham: A Biography." By T. Edgar Pemberton. (London: Hutchinson and Co., 1904. 16s.)



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS DAVID GARRICK.

Photograph by the Draycott Galleries, Oxford Street, W.

THE CYCLIST.

By L. LUMLEY.

AS I entered the bar-parlour of the "Spider and Fly," he was sighing the sigh of the well-refreshed and sprawling back in a chair. He wore a tight knickerbocker-suit, open-work shoes, and fluff on his upper lip. I need not say he was the Cyclist.



I bicycle, but I am not a cyclist. I have not even the stolid disregard for everything but miles which goes to the making of cyclists. Indeed, there are times when I wrestle with a longing to drop my machine quietly over any convenient bridge, for the pure satisfaction of besting it at something. As to cyclists generally—well, I would rather keep silkworms. In a country inn, drinking is a lottery, and I hesitated before committing myself.

The Cyclist fraternised. "The mild-and-bitter here goes down all right," he suggested, assuring himself of the fact.

It would have been useless to tell him that this is not always the end of the matter; so I ignored the remark, and gave a less adventurous order.

The Cyclist pulled out a pugnacious pipe and commenced to whistle down it offensively.

"Roads a bit chippy," he volunteered, pausing in the operation and looking with friendly interest at my breeches and gaiters.

I had not the slightest wish to encourage him, so I filled the pause by lighting a cigarette.

"Dead beat, I was," he went on, becoming interested in himself; "dead beat when I got to Upminster 'Ill, with my nose down all the way. I don't mind tellin' you," he proceeded, sucking satisfaction in fluty gurgles from his pipe, "I was fairly tricklin' when I came out on the top." He ran his finger experimentally round the back of his neck.

I dropped my cigarette-case, and picked it up, with absorption.

"I ought to tell you," he went on, uninvited, "I 'ad a bloke 'angin' on, like a porous-plaster, all the way from Bow."

He paused so persistently this time that I felt bound to respond.

"Pray don't mention it," I said.

He appeared greatly encouraged.

"Now what d'yer think I done?" he asked, invitingly.

"Called a policeman?" I guessed.

"No, no! Don't yer see, 'e was 'angin' on?"

"Quite so," I agreed. "That seems to me the very reason why you wanted help to pull him off and throw him away."

He was not in the least deterred.

"You see," he continued, unbuttoning the collar-band of his shirt, "it was like this: I never looks round, but just lays down to it like a tram-'orse—and there 'e was, goin' for me all the time."

"You didn't owe him anything, for instance?" I asked, helpfully.

The Cyclist was still bent on entertaining me.

"Well," he said, conclusively, "it ought ter 'ave been down at the Palace, that's where it ought ter 'ave been. Now you'll understand 'ow we was travellin'."

"And you escaped, after all?" I asked, with admiration.

"No, no!" He was whining a little. "Can't yer see, it was an 'ang-on—I doin' all I could to get off, and 'e after me?"

"He had got off your back, then?" I inquired, interestedly.

"You wait a bit," he proceeded, his enthusiasm rising again. "I was goin' strong when we came to Chelmsford; then, of course, I slacks up, an' for the first time I gets a squint at him—in a shop-window it was. Well—he paused for effect—"you might 'ave punctured me if it wasn't Tricky Ben!"

He blew a shrill, wheezy note on his pipe, and looked at me so as to miss nothing of the startling effect.

"Cousin, or brother-in-law?" I asked, with sympathy.

The Cyclist looked at me with frank astonishment.

"Look here," he said, getting a little cross, "you ain't goin' to tell me you don't know Tricky Ben?"

"I was going to tell you so," I explained, "but now you've guessed it."

"You don't know Ben?" he gasped; "Tricky Ben, Hundred-mile Champion, Long-distance Record-holder, Unpaced Flying-start Cup winner, Cinder King, Captain of the Brixton Catch-Who-Catch-Cans——?" He paused in the list, and, for the first time, regarded me with suspicion.

"You 'ave come from London, I pre-sume?" he asked, suddenly becoming lofty of expression.

"Just arrived," I replied, cheerfully.

"Observe anything re-markable on the road?"

He was evidently bent upon sounding me judicially.

"I cannot say that I did," I admitted.

"For instance, now, you didn't en-counter no moter, broke in 'arf, with a van on top of it, an' dead 'orses in the ditch?"

"The idea sounds excellent, but

I am afraid we travelled too fast," I said.

"Oh, you came too fast, did you?" he sneered. "An' what breed of lightening-premoter did you sit on?"

"Ours was the 10.55 from Liverpool Street," I explained; "but we got in three minutes late."

The Cyclist rose, and I noted the beautiful curve in his back.

"Then you ain't biked?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh, no!" I said, pleasantly; "I've just run down for a round of golf."

He looked me slowly up and down.

"Go-o-rif!" was all he said, but there was a world of expression in the word.



"DEAD BEAT, I WAS," HE WENT ON.



Artists' Sitters. By Dudley Hardy.



BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.



THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Photograph by Cameron

IT is fitting that the Earl of Carlisle, one of the most artistic and cultured of modern Peers, should be owner of two such typical English country-places as are old-world Naworth Castle on the one hand and magnificent Castle Howard on the other. The former mediæval stronghold is a perfect example of a Border castle, while the latter has been very justly described as the most magnificent example of pseudo-Greek architecture in the kingdom.

Lord Carlisle's splendid Yorkshire home was the creation of

Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim Palace, and in some ways the two country-houses have much in common, though Castle Howard is much the finer example of the pompous style of architecture which so delighted the taste of the eighteenth century. The third Earl of Carlisle, who built the huge pile on the site of the old Castle of Hinderskelfe, was evidently a man of very fine taste; it was he who designed the spacious plantations and gardens which make the surroundings of the Castle so agreeable, and the marvellous art-treasures with which every room at Castle Howard is lined were, with but few exceptions, collected by him, while he also exercised a wise choice in the matter of internal decorations.

The mansion is built so as to form three sides of a great square, and the principal façade faces south and is connected with two side wings. The long front of the Castle—which is twenty feet longer than that of Blenheim Palace—looks out on a large lake, and from all parts of the grounds the prominent feature of the house itself is the great dome which surmounts the central hall, into which the visitor passes straight through from the grand entrance.

The principal reception-rooms of Castle Howard are situated immediately behind the façade, and to the *virtuoso* the most notable

Lady Carlisle's own sitting-room, a high, stately apartment containing many books, both old and new, and a collection of choice pottery. Behind the state-rooms runs a long gallery containing many examples of the fine statuary for which Castle Howard has long been famed, as also exquisite copies of the arabesque designs which ornament Raphael's loggia in the Vatican. The influence of Italian art is everywhere felt at Castle Howard, most of all, perhaps, in the great hall, where Corinthian columns make an admirable background for the many statues and busts, of which the most remarkable is a statue of Bacchus placed in a marble recess specially designed to contain it. Fine pieces of statuary also adorn the garden-hall which connects the great domed hall with the outside of the house.

The French Revolution gave a unique opportunity to the British art-lover of a hundred years ago, and many of the choicest works of art now at Castle Howard were once in the Palais-Royal and were doubtless collected by that strange being, Philip of Orleans, who was at once the leading *roué* and the leading patron of arts in his day. Among the paintings which were bought at the great Orleans sale is Caracci's masterpiece, "The Three Marys," and here also may be seen "The Entombment," painted by the brother of the man to whose genius the world owes "The Three Marys." Among other examples of Titian is the only animal-picture ever painted by that artist; and lovers of Walter Scott naturally turn with very special interest to the quaint counterfeit presentment of "Belted Will," from whom every Howard of the Carlisle branch is descended. Another unique portrait is that of a native of Otaheite, who, coming to England with Captain Cook, had the signal honour of being painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Quite as many pains were taken over the grounds of Castle Howard as over the interior. They were designed with the most elaborate care to be in keeping with the building which they surround, and characteristic of the period in which Castle Howard was built is the striking mausoleum, which is the first building of the kind unconnected with a church ever erected in this country. It much delighted Walpole, as, indeed, did the whole estate, for, writing to George Selwyn, he observed, "Nobody had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being the metropolis of the Druids, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive."

Lady Carlisle and her daughters have always been especially fond of the beautiful Italian garden which borders one side of the Castle and which contains some exquisite statuary and a classic fountain. Some time ago, an interesting experiment was made—that of having women gardeners, and the results are said to have been as good as even the most "feminist" of reformers could desire.

The present Lord Carlisle is worthy of being the owner of such a treasure-house as is Castle Howard, for long before he succeeded his uncle, the eighth Earl, he was known as a lover of the beautiful and as a discriminating patron of many of those Victorian painters who have only lately come to their own in public estimation. He realised the genius of the pre-Raphaelites, and warmly encouraged the late William Morris in the experiments made by him to introduce beauty in house-decoration. Accordingly, there could not have been a better choice than that which made him one of the Trustees of our National Gallery.

Lady Carlisle is in her way as remarkable a woman as her husband is a man. She was the youngest daughter of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, and, like her distinguished mother, to whom the cause of women's education owed so much, she has always taken an active and practical interest in all that concerns the advancement of her own sex in this country, while she has also been one of the great supporters of the temperance movement.

Lord and Lady Carlisle are the parents of many children, and among their sons-in-law is the distinguished scholar and writer whose admirable translations of Euripides have lately excited so much interest in both the literary and the theatrical worlds.



A BUST OF THE PRESENT DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AS A LITTLE BOY.

Photograph by Leonard Willoughby.



A WONDERFUL STONE VASE.

Photograph by Leonard Willoughby.

of these is, perhaps, the dining-room, sometimes called the Canaletto Room, from the name of the painter whose works are hung there. One of the most delightful Canalettos in Castle Howard is in

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.

XL.—CASTLE HOWARD, THE YORKSHIRE HOME OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE.



THE HOUSE, SOUTH FRONT.



THE GREAT FOUNTAIN IN THE GROUNDS.



THE DINING-ROOM.



LADY CARLISLE'S BOUDOIR, SHOWING SOME OF THE TAPESTRY ON THE WALLS.



THE BRIDGE OVER THE LAKE, WITH TOP OF MAUSOLEUM IN BACKGROUND.



THE MAUSOLEUM, WHERE THE EARLS OF CARLISLE ARE BURIED.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND has edited a volume called "Wayfarer's Love," contributions from living poets, and it is published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. at the price of six shillings net. The Duchess has established the Potteries and Newcastle Cripples' Guild, and many other things. The children who belong to it are taught printing. They wished to prove their skill by producing a fine edition of some work of literary value, so the Duchess turned to the poets, begging them to contribute to a volume which the Guild should print. The contributors have no remuneration other than the knowledge that the money accruing from each copy sold goes to the benefit of the cripples. This is an old-fashioned way of raising money. Is it legitimate? The Duchess of Sutherland has deserved influence, and about fifty authors, most of them known, and some very well-known indeed, have contributed. Mr. Rudyard Kipling was unable to do so, Mr. Swinburne was too ill, Mr. George Meredith gave his blessing. But Mr. Gosse, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Lang, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, Mr. Owen Seaman, and many others, sent poems. I calculate roughly that the pecuniary value of these poems is from one guinea to ten guineas—perhaps, over all, as much as two hundred guineas. In order to realise a profit of two hundred guineas, perhaps four thousand copies of the book would have to be sold. There is not much chance of a sale like that. It would have been much better if the poems had been sold to editors in the ordinary course, and the money passed over to the charity. But everyone would have seen the gross unfairness of asking poets, who are not opulent, as a rule, to contribute so much. The unfairness is highly disguised by the device of printing and selling the poems in volume form. If the poems had been sold, and if each person who buys the book had given, say, four shillings, the charity would have profited much more and the transaction would have been more satisfactory. It seems almost impossible for outsiders to understand that a literary man lives by his writings, and that to hand over a saleable bit of work is to hand over the money he might receive from it.

It must be admitted that our poets are not, as a rule, at their best in this collection. It would be unreasonable to expect such a thing. Nevertheless, there are some agreeable and musical snatches of verse. Mr. A. E. Housman's lines on "Astronomy" are in his own vein, but much the most memorable piece is that by Mr. W. B. Yeats, beginning—

O thought fly to her when the end of day
Awakens an old memory, and say
"Your strength, that is so lofty and fierce and kind
It might call up a new age, calling to mind
The queens that were imagined long ago."

Mr. Yeats is almost at his best in these lyrics of a gently remonstrating love.

Mr. Barry Pain has been writing some sensible hints on Dialogue for the benefit of young novelists. He asks his pupils to remember that the wit and humour of real life are generally wretched, and are welcomed or forgiven because they have no pretensions. Therefore, that kind of dialogue which seems amusing enough in real life must be made more amusing before it will produce the same effect upon a printed page. Only this improvement must not be overdone. The moment a reader says, "This is all very funny, but nobody ever did or could talk like this," your story is lost. Again, spoken conversation generally contains many unfinished and broken sentences, and these

must be far fewer in print. Once more, in spoken conversation there is much more than the mere words. Expression of face, tone, and voice, and sometimes gesture, all modify these words, and this must be allowed for in one way or another. Mr. Pain omits to say that much that passes in a real conversation has to be omitted in the printed record. He advises that dialogue should be spoken aloud as it is written, and that it should never be corrected until twenty-four hours after writing. After that interval it will be easy for the author to place himself in the position of his reader.

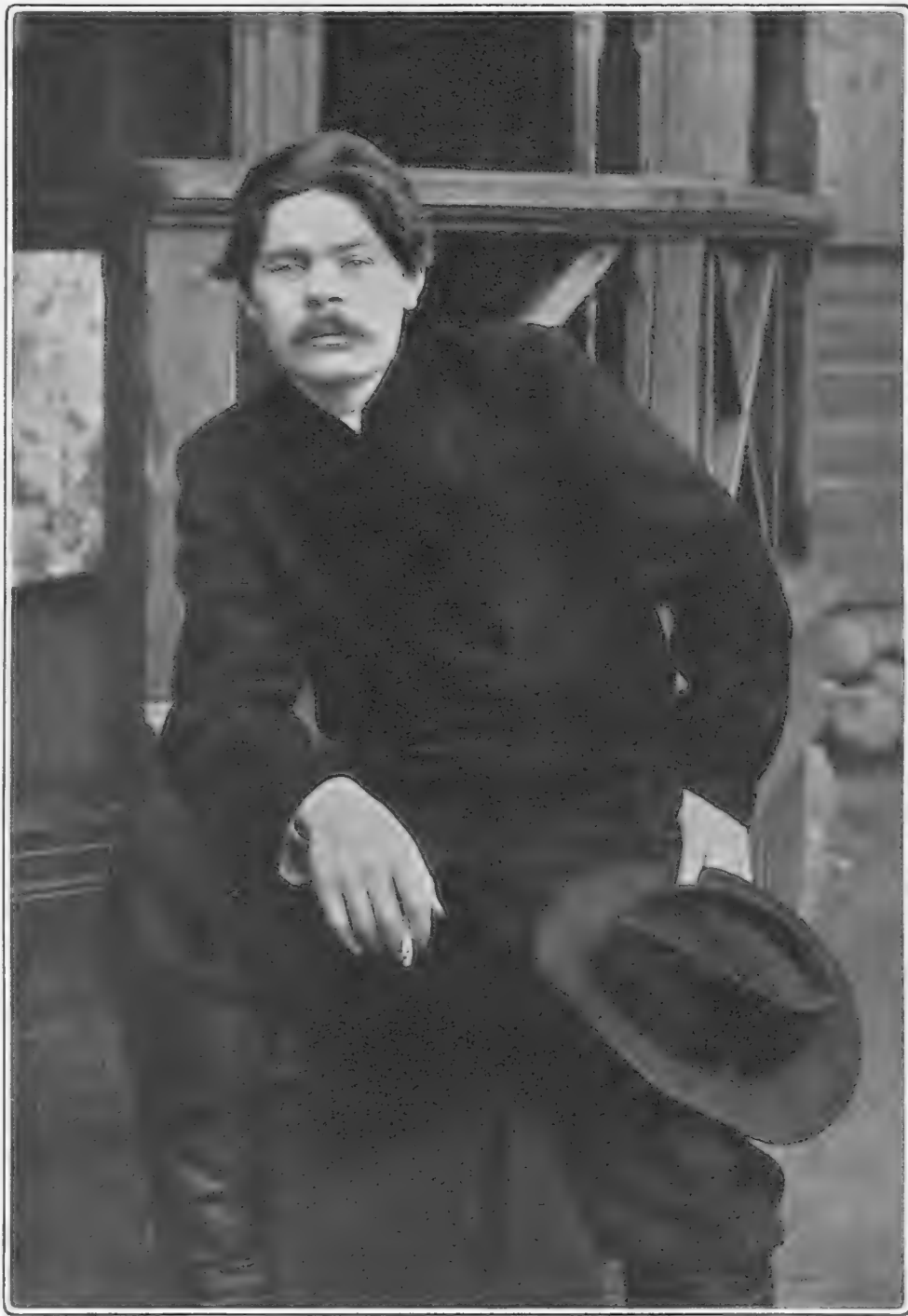
Mrs. Edith Wharton has written a long novel of contemporary American social life, dealing with the development of a girl brought up with one idea in view—the achievement of a successful marriage. Mrs. Wharton's brilliant if somewhat cynical talent will certainly show itself to advantage in dealing with the subject. The story is to be entitled "The House of Mirth."

Those clever books, "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son" and "Old Gorgon Graham," are written by Mr. George Horace Lorimer, and are based upon the character of his former employer, Philip Danforth Armour, of Chicago, merchant and philanthropist. Not only was the chief character of

the books modelled after the well-known Chicago pork-packer, but some of the letters were actually based on his correspondence.

M. Emile Faguet, in *La Revue*, writes an estimate of Sainte-Beuve apropos of that critic's centenary. M. Faguet does not admire Sainte-Beuve in his private, social, and political conduct, but he accepts him as a great scholar, a great critic, a great man of taste, and the real founder of literary criticism in France. But especially he was a man who possessed a great and powerful conscience—a professional conscience. Sainte-Beuve tried to wring from each of his subjects the profoundest and most hidden secret of his life. "That which lies most concealed in the night of history as in the consciences of men is undoubtedly, in every case, of the most essential importance; while it lies concealed it renders everything uncertain; once discovered, it explains everything. This principle animated the life of Sainte-Beuve."

O. O.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MAXIM GORKY, THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

Taken by Bulla, St. Petersburg.

THREE NEW NOVELS.

"MORGANATIC."

BY MAX NORDAU.
(*Chatto and Windus*. 6s.)

It is curious that the morganatic marriage, although it is obviously a theme of magnificent possibilities in the way of dramatic situations and heart-riving emotions, has not been much employed in fiction—at any rate, in England. Probably this translation of Dr. Nordau's novel will suggest ideas to some of our native writers. The book is certainly clever enough. Dr. Nordau, savant and philosopher, naturally objects to morganatic marriages of all kinds, but, instead of writing a learned treatise, by throwing what he has to say into the form of fiction gains the ear of an enormously wider public. And yet the "purpose" of the novel is by no means obtrusively thrust forward. The characters are, for the most part, exceedingly well drawn. They are real flesh and blood, and we sympathise fully in their joys and sorrows, their triumphs and humiliations. We have examples of the three kinds of morganatic marriage—the regular, recognised union, binding in law, but conferring nothing of the husband's rank on his wife and children; the case in which the lady, though really the wife of a Royal personage, is nominally married to some accommodating man of her own class; and, lastly, the case in which the Royal personage steps down from his pedestal, marries the girl of his heart, and counts the world well lost for love. To some of Dr. Nordau's characters—his Grand Duke of Loewenstein and Franka, his Kings of Atlantis and Gotheim, his Baroness von Gronendal, his Frau Flammert, even his Nicoline—we fancy we could put real names, which is natural enough when you think how many morganatic alliances there have been not only in the little German Courts—"Grand Duchies of Pumpernickel," to borrow Thackeray's excellent title—but even in more exalted circles in Vienna and St. Petersburg. Perhaps Dr. Nordau is most successful in the character of Nicoline, who is altogether charming both in her strength and in her sweetness. A word of warm praise must be said for Miss Elizabeth Lee's translation, which really deserves the highest tribute that a translator can ever obtain, namely, that it does not read like a translation at all.

"THE HOUND FROM THE NORTH."

BY RIDGWELL CULLUM.
(*Chapman and Hall*. 6s.)

"The Hound from the North" is described in the sub-title as "The Story of a Canadian Farm." The title itself would lead one to expect romance of a stirring sort, while, as a rule, life on a farm in Canada partakes more of hard work than of episodes likely to interest the reader of novels. However, Mr. Cullum's book is full of lively incident, and from the time when, in the first chapter, we meet a traveller returning from the Yukon laden with his hard-won gold, only to fall half-frozen and exhausted in the trail, to be succoured, and then robbed by his rescuers, till the end of the story, one's interest is never allowed to flag. From the snowy Rockies we are transported to the quietude and substantial comfort of a Canadian farm-house of the older type, a quietude and comfort rudely disturbed by the arrival of the wandering son, our old friend of the Rockies, who soon shows himself in his true colours as the villain of the piece and a murderer and blackmailer. Hervey Malling, his mother and his sister Prudence, and George Iredale, an opium-smuggler, are the chief characters of the book, though the wise old school-mistress with a maxim—mostly in verse—for every occasion is a personage of some importance. The "husky" who gives the title to the tale is a weird and fascinating creation, while the author's vivid description of life and scenes in the wilder parts of the great Dominion could have been penned only by one intimately acquainted with his subject.

"THE PRODIGAL SON."

BY HALL CAINE.
(*Heinemann*. 6s.)

What a prodigal, in the literary sense, is Mr. Hall Caine! He is as lavish of toil as he is of tears, which, in this, his latest work, are superabundant, especially among the men. They will have their work cut out for them, at Drury Lane, to render adequately these gusts of passion. Even a mother's breath over a

baby's cradle is called a gale. In fact, we have here a world of superlatives. It is the reverse of dull, and many of us would be glad to resort to it and leave the drab conditions of the world we know. Here is no absurd restraint. "Our novelists want to let themselves go!" said a publisher, lately. So Mr. Caine has let himself go—to Iceland. The background is effective. The country here depicted has affinities with the Isle of Man, and its constitution, its customs, its people, remind us of a community already established in the annals of fame. According to Mr. Caine, it is quite a common thing for Icelanders to be educated at Oxford: one, we learn, starting as "an assistant in the library, became a University lecturer"; and the hero himself lived unlaborious days in the same classic groves. Thenceforward he distinguished himself as a prodigal. A musical genius, he squandered the fortunes of others, cheated, forged, gambled, drove his wife to her grave, and fell in love with his sister-in-law, a wholly worthless person. But he repented. By this time the analogy of the title is lost in mist, for no father is left to forgive, no fatted calf is killed. The conclusion is mystical. Regarded as a whole, the book is pure melodrama. It possesses, however, certain redeeming qualities. Were Mr. Caine a young writer, he would achieve a distinct success with this book. It abounds in offences against taste; many of its effects are cheap; much of its tone is gushing; but it contains some forcible scenes, and its appeal to sentiment is in its favour.



DR. MAX NORDAU, AUTHOR OF
"MORGANATIC."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

PERSONAL NOTES.

The Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee, by his son, Captain Robert E. Lee, which have just been published in America, will be most popular there, and are by no means without interest on this side. Lee was one of the most lovable heroes of the American Civil War. He fought heroically for the South, but perhaps the most important service he did his country was that he cast his influence against the policy of continuing guerilla hostilities after the war was ended. He urged that all should join in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of the war and to restore the blessings of peace. In his last years he became the head of one of the best Southern colleges and did good work, but his health was undermined and he died in 1870. The new book shows that he had the fullest confidence in Jefferson Davis. On one occasion he said, "If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none that could have done so well."

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, undeterred by the comparatively mild reception accorded to her purposeful drama, "Warp and Woof," is engaged on another play, evidently of a lighter nature, for it is founded on the present-day craving for physical culture. Lady "Betty" Balfour, who is collaborating with her, is, of course, the wife of Mr. Gerald Balfour, and so sister-in-law to the Premier, and is the daughter of the first Earl of Lytton, only son of Bulwer-Lytton.

Of the popularity of Joseph Conrad among male readers a little incident is related by a man who was formerly a City Editor in America, and who is now, as always, a shrewd judge both of men and of books. He was studying political conditions in the West, and one night attended a dinner at which he was probably the only guest who could lay claim to any literary attainments. The others were of the type of the energetic, successful Westerner, and through the greater part of the dinner books were not mentioned. Finally, by chance, this former City Editor spoke the name of Conrad, and quickly from the other end of the long table a voice inquired, "Do you mean the Conrad who wrote 'Lord Jim'?" Immediately the whole table was engaged in an eager, animated discussion; almost to a man the entire company had read that book, and every one of them was ready with his individual impression, conjecture, and enthusiastic appreciation of "Lord Jim."

PLAYS AND THEIR TITLES. By CECIL ALDIN.



IV.—“A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE.”

THE MESSENGER FROM THE RIVAL ESTABLISHMENT.



"Two of yer best gin, please."

"Is it for yerself, my lad?"

"Not much! The Guv'nor wants ter poison the cat."

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

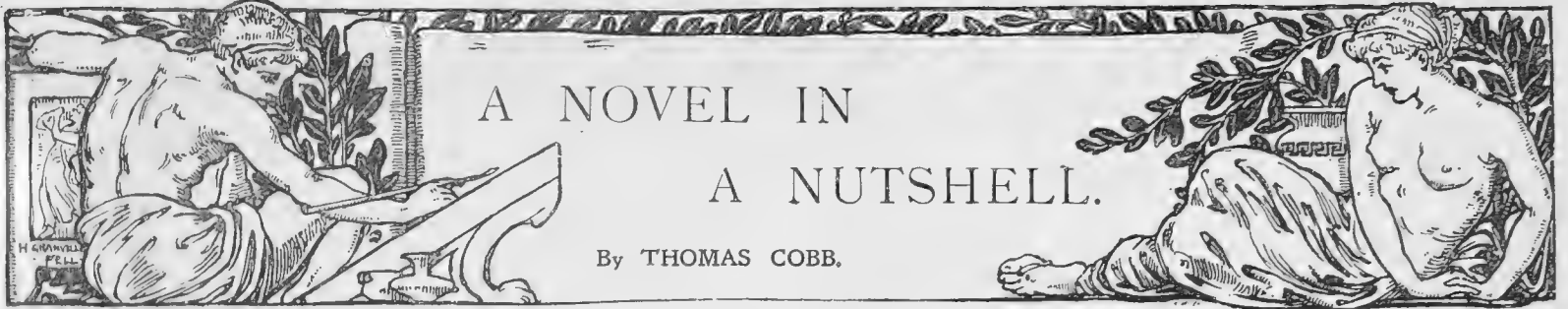
THE HUMOURIST AND THE YOUTH FROM LONDON.



SHE: And is it true that men are going to wear knee-breeches with evening-dress?

HE: Well, some of us are in favour of it, but the others are so beastly shy.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



MRS. SANDEMAN'S SON.

MRS. SANDEMAN sat smilingly listening to Mrs. Prendergast and feeling that she should hate her as long as she lived. They had been friends in girlhood, and, having married men in the same regiment, had never been very long separated since. Now that their husbands had retired on half-pay, they had both settled in the same provincial town.

Mrs. Prendergast was paying a rather late visit, having been, in fact, making a round to tell her good news to as many friends as possible. Her son Clement during his first year at a London hospital had gained a hundred pounds' Exhibition in science. Having informed Mrs. Sandeman of the fact, she began to enlarge upon the consequent saving, insisting that, from the day of his birth, Clement had never been anything but a source of comfort and happiness.

And Mrs. Sandeman listened and smiled with the bitterest sensations, offering profuse congratulations while her small and still attractive face flushed more and more deeply. Clement Prendergast and her own boy Hartley had been at the same local school—rivals, in a manner, of several years' standing. The great anxiety of Mrs. Sandeman's life concerned Hartley's future. Unlike Prendergast, Major Sandeman possessed little beyond his half-pay, so that there had long been a severe struggle to maintain that equality of appearances beneath which Mrs. Sandeman would not willingly have sunk.

It had been at last determined that Hartley's profession should be the law, which to the person chiefly interested seemed as much an evil as any other. But, after a series of failures over the preliminary examination, his tutor had candidly advised Major Sandeman that farther effort would inevitably prove a waste of time and money. When Mrs. Prendergast had offered condolences, Mrs. Sandeman had treated the affair as a subject almost for congratulation.

"Hartley has not a pettifogging mind," she said. Major Sandeman, however, insisted that the boy must not be allowed to spend any more time loafing about the town with a pipe in his mouth. The Major was a tall, heavily built man, with a grey moustache and a rubicund, healthy complexion; a man of few words. In his quandary concerning Hartley, he turned to a former friend, the owner of a large business in St. Paul's Churchyard, who agreed to receive the boy into his counting-house. Hartley had now been living in London lodgings nearly a year, and only last month had written to ask his mother for ten pounds by return of post. Without a word to her husband, she had sent two pounds, which were all she could spare at the moment. This late afternoon in October she sat in her dim drawing-room thinking of Hartley's letter, while she smiled and congratulated and hated Mrs. Prendergast.

"And now," said the visitor, when she had enlarged upon the advantage of Clement's Exhibition from every possible point of view, "how is *your* boy getting along?"

"Splendidly," answered Mrs. Sandeman, "splendidly. We have the most favourable reports of him. Twice already his salary has been increased. He seems to have quite a genius for figures. Of course, you know that Mr. Vincent is one of our merchant princes."

"Then you hope Hartley may ultimately have a good position?"

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Sandeman, "he has a good position already. Mr. Vincent has no sons and four daughters. There is not the slightest question that, before many years have passed, Hartley will become a member of the firm."

She was, in the ordinary course of things, a truthful woman, but, as she admitted two days later, she really could not help it. The admission, indeed, was forced from her. There was a Club in the town, and Major Sandeman was a member, although he seldom touched a cue or a card. Two days after Mrs. Prendergast's visit, Major Prendergast had taken him aside, and, with great cordiality, congratulated him upon the excellence of Hartley's prospects.

"To tell the truth, Jim," said Major Prendergast, a short, slimly

built man of an anxious, nervous temperament, "it was rather a relief after what I had heard."

"What had you heard?" demanded Sandeman.

"Oh, well, boys will be boys—even one's own, you know," was the answer, and Major Sandeman walked solemnly home to ask what his wife had been talking about.

"I couldn't help it, Jim!" she exclaimed. "To sit there and hear Helena talk about Clement's success was more than human nature could endure."

The Major did not answer; he neither smiled nor frowned, but sat stolidly in his chair, wondering what Ted Prendergast had heard (from Clement, no doubt) about Hartley, who astounded his mother and father by arriving home at half-past six the following afternoon. It was one of the rare occasions when the Sandemans expected guests to dine, and when the bell rang the Major happened to be in his dressing-room taking out his evening-clothes.

"Jim!" cried Mrs. Sandeman, from the floor beneath, "Jim! It's Hartley."

"Hartley?" said her husband, and walked heavily downstairs, joining his wife in the hall as the very young housemaid opened the door. Outside stood a fly with two boxes on the roof.

Hartley was a tall, slender young man of rather prepossessing appearance, but this afternoon he entered the house with a hang-dog air.

"Well, mother; well, father," he muttered, with considerable embarrassment, and, even in the midst of her consternation, Mrs. Sandeman remembered that the four guests would arrive in less than an hour.

"Whatever is the matter now?" she demanded, and, with a rueful glance at the inquisitive housemaid, Hartley went into the dining-room, where the cloth had been laid, with a piece of Indian embroidery as a "table-centre," and the napkins folded into fans for the dinner-party. There, to his parents' dismay, he leaned against the wall, burying his face in his coat-sleeve and sobbing like a small child. The story was soon told. He had got into a scrape, had been pushed for money, helped himself to a ten-pound note, and, on the inevitable detection, had been turned neck and crop out of Vincent's office—only for his father's sake being spared prosecution.

The Major's face remained almost as impassive as usual, and, although Mrs. Sandeman's cheeks were wet, she thought of her now unwelcome guests and tried to check her tears. It was arranged that Hartley should remain in his own room, partly because his presence at the table might lead to inconvenient inquiries, but principally for the reason that he had parted with his evening-suit. Major Sandeman walked upstairs rather more heavily than he had come down, and began methodically to take off his coat and waistcoat. He was the first to enter the drawing-room, where the gas had been lighted and the blinds drawn down. He stooped to pick up a piece of paper which had been dropped in the fender. He still had a profound admiration for his wife, an extraordinarily youthful-looking woman for her years, which were forty-two, and considerably fewer than the Major's. On the rare occasions when she appeared in an evening-dress, his eyes would dwell upon her a little regretfully, inasmuch as fate had ordained that her light should remain hidden under a bushel.

But this evening he was quite startled when she entered the drawing-room, her face being daubed with powder to such an extent that it looked positively grotesque. Before the Major could expostulate, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth arrived, and at the same time he perceived the odour of tobacco, unpleasant just before dinner, and doubtless coming from Hartley's bedroom. As Mrs. Sandeman sat volubly talking, Mrs. Wentworth glanced at her face, then covertly at Mr. Wentworth, but the hostess continued to talk without much idea of what she said until the small party was complete.

When dinner was announced, Major Sandeman made no attempt to move, and as Mrs. Sandeman touched his sleeve he seemed to rouse

himself with a start, so that the visitors rallied him and Hartley heard them laughing as they went downstairs. The soup-tureen had been removed, and the Major sat abstractedly crumbling his bread, when Mrs. Wentworth addressed her hostess.

"Ethel saw Hartley on his way from the station a little while ago," she remarked, looking round the table as if, perhaps, she had hitherto overlooked his presence.

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Sandeman, with ghastly cheerfulness; "he arrived more than an hour ago, but he had been so busy up to the very last moment in London that we persuaded him not to come in."

Raising his pale, placid eyes, Major Sandeman gazed at his wife in bewilderment.

"Has the boy got a holiday, Sandeman?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"Of course," said the hostess, before the embarrassed Major could answer for himself, "you have not heard. Hartley has left the City. The office was never really congenial to him."

"Anything else in view?"

"The fact is," answered Mrs. Sandeman, while the Major continued to gaze at her whitened face instead of eating his dinner, "it's supposed to be a secret for the present."

Nothing farther was said concerning Hartley, but when the guests had departed, after a dismal evening, Sandeman walked to the drawing-room door.

"Jim!" cried his wife, "where are you going?"

"To call Hartley."

"To-night?"

"There's no use in putting it off," he answered, without any reference to what had passed at the dinner-table. "The boy has disgraced himself."

"I'm sure he repents sincerely enough, Jim!"

"He can't stay in England. He must go away; the sooner the better," said Major Sandeman, and with that he went to Hartley's room and opened the door. It was entirely dark, and for a few moments he stood on the threshold listening to his son's regular breathing. "Sound asleep," he said, on rejoining Mrs. Sandeman. "He doesn't care. How much sleep will you get to-night?"

They sat up very late, discussing Hartley's future. He must be sent away and he must be provided with an outfit. On inquiring whether there was enough money at the bank for this and the passage-money, Mrs. Sandeman was told that everything could be managed. Accustomed to leave such matters to his control, and also habituated to his uncommunicativeness, she questioned no farther, and, after a painful breakfast with Hartley the next morning, Major Sandeman left the house as if he were going to the Club to read the newspaper as usual. Instead, however, he turned his steps towards Major Prendergast's, the old friends shaking hands and sitting down.

"So you have Hartley at home?" said Prendergast, with a scrutinising glance.

"Ted," answered Sandeman, with unwonted feeling, "I want fifty pounds. For heaven's sake let me have it if you can."

By way of an answer, Prendergast opened a drawer in his writing-table, took out his cheque-book, and filled in a draft for the requisite sum.

"Don't tell me unless you like," he said, handing over the cheque; "only sometimes it's a bit of a relief to talk to someone, you know."

In slow but jerky sentences the story came out, and when Sandeman had gone Prendergast lost no time in repeating it to his wife.

"I knew!" she exclaimed. "I knew perfectly well that Elizabeth wasn't speaking the truth. Of course, after what we had heard from Clement, it was ridiculous."

Although she would have liked to see Mrs. Sandeman, she avoided the house that day, but on the next it chanced that she met Elizabeth at a common friend's. On her arrival, Mrs. Sandeman was in the midst of a monologue.

"Such a magnificent appointment," she was saying. "Quite one in ten thousand! We consider Hartley extremely fortunate. He and his father have gone to London to-day to see about his outfit and the passage."

"To what part of the world is he going?" inquired the hostess.

"To Canada."

"A Government appointment?"

"Oh, yes, it is a Government appointment," said Mrs. Sandeman. "We shall naturally miss him immensely—such a dear boy as he has always been! But, there, one mustn't think about one's self, must one?" she asked, gazing around the small circle with moist eyes.

"What an expense, to be sure!" remarked an elderly lady sitting next to Mrs. Prendergast.

"Ah, you may well say that!" was the answer. "But, then, you must remember that money couldn't be better spent."

"Besides," suggested the hostess, "I imagine there is an allowance for Hartley's outfit?"

"Exactly—an allowance," said Mrs. Sandeman, rising from her chair. "Is Clement all right?" she added, addressing Mrs. Prendergast on her way to the door. On the road home she looked very straight before her, and at once returned to the task of arranging Hartley's clothes. At a late hour, Major Sandeman came back with his son, whose ship was to sail that day week, when Mrs. Sandeman took him into her bedroom and begged him to kneel by her side, then clasped his arm as they went downstairs, where the Major stood coughing in the hall. He accompanied Hartley to the docks, parting from him with few words and a heavy heart after the bell had rung as a warning for visitors to leave the vessel. It was a rainy day, but Major Sandeman waited on the quay with his umbrella still furled until the ship began to move, and Hartley stood in his long mackintosh on the lower deck, waving a limp hand.

Two days later, stirred by sympathy, Major Prendergast overcame his dislike to afternoon visits, and offered to take his wife to see Mrs. Sandeman, and, after a few remarks about the dismal weather, Major Sandeman entered the drawing-room. He shook hands and then took his favourite position before the fireplace, Mrs. Sandeman's back being turned towards him as she talked to her guests.

"Do you miss the youngster, Elizabeth?" exclaimed Major Prendergast, in his sharp, jerky manner.

"Ah, it was a dreadful wrench!" she answered. "But, then, one can't expect to keep one's son always at one's apron-strings, you know."

"Now, that's a sensible way to look at it," he said, with great cordiality.

"And then," she continued, "we realise how much it is for his advantage. No young man in the world could have better prospects."

Prendergast looked up at Sandeman's inexpressive face as he stood behind his wife's chair. Major Sandeman passed a shaky hand over his grey moustache, and then Prendergast glanced a little apprehensively at Mrs. Prendergast.

"Your stay-at-home boys," cried Mrs. Sandeman, "may be well enough in their way." Mrs. Prendergast's cheeks became suddenly very red. "But," added her hostess, "to whom does the country owe its greatness?"

"Ah, yes, true," Major Prendergast admitted. "The scallawags have helped to make the Empire—no doubt about that!"

"Scallawags!" gasped Mrs. Sandeman, sitting exceedingly erect, while Major Prendergast glanced at his wife with more apprehensiveness than ever.

He perceived now that Mrs. Sandeman was ignorant of the loan, and that she assumed his and his wife's equally complete ignorance of the actual circumstances of Hartley's exodus. He understood also that these two women were rival mothers and that the unfortunate criticism of "stay-at-homes" might easily be resented. Major Prendergast began to fidget in his chair, dreading the exposure which seemed to be hanging over Mrs. Sandeman's head, while, unfortunately, Mrs. Prendergast would not look in his direction.

"Thank goodness," continued Mrs. Sandeman, with her eyes on Mrs. Prendergast's flushed, angry face, "no boy could be less of a scallawag than ours! Never a moment's anxiety. As I say, it is quite right to praise the plodding, stay-at-home young men, but"—with a flourish of her hands—"there are others who require a wider field for their enterprise."

She positively glared at Mrs. Prendergast, who had begun to unbutton and rebutton her gloves in her scarcely repressible excitement. As one of the buttons came off, she gave vent to a quiet but rather scornful laugh, which Major Prendergast understood as an introduction to the retort to which Hartley's mother had fatuously laid herself open. Rising from his chair, he touched Mrs. Prendergast's arm.

"My dear," he cried, "don't you think it's time—?"

"Oh, you mustn't think of going yet!" said Mrs. Sandeman, and certainly Mrs. Prendergast had no intention to depart until she had launched her bolt. But she now observed that Ted was regarding her strangely, and suddenly she began to discern the meaning of his curiously anxious expression. Following his example, she also rose, advancing to Mrs. Sandeman's chair. Stooping over her, she placed an arm around her neck—an action which had not been ventured upon since they were girls together.

"Elizabeth," she said, "I can't tell you how glad I am to hear that Hartley has such splendid prospects. And I feel certain the dear boy deserves his good fortune!"

Mrs. Sandeman quite broke down, and Mrs. Prendergast declared that her hand ached for several days in consequence of Major Sandeman's grip when she bade him good-bye.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE St. James's Theatre in the height of the theatrical season without the presence of Mr. George Alexander's name in the bill will seem to the frequenters of that popular house almost like the proverbial performance of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out. Such will, however, be the case on and after



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER, WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR-MANAGER.

Taken by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

Saturday evening next, when "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be revived, with an admirable cast, including Miss Fanny Coleman as the Duchess of Berwick, a part she created, and Miss Marion Terry as Mrs. Erlynne, the character which, when she first appeared in it, stamped her in the opinion of many of the most accomplished critics as one of the two most consummate actresses on the English-speaking stage.

A hitherto unnoticed or unnoted characteristic of "The Freedom of Suzanne," which has served to reintroduce the delightful art of Miss Marie Tempest, is the way in which the part she plays seems to dominate the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, in the same manner as Cynthia did—practically all the characters being stated in their relation to her. The theatre is a hot-bed of superstition, and, as "Cynthia" was an acknowledged non-success, it is not a little remarkable that the precedent should be followed.

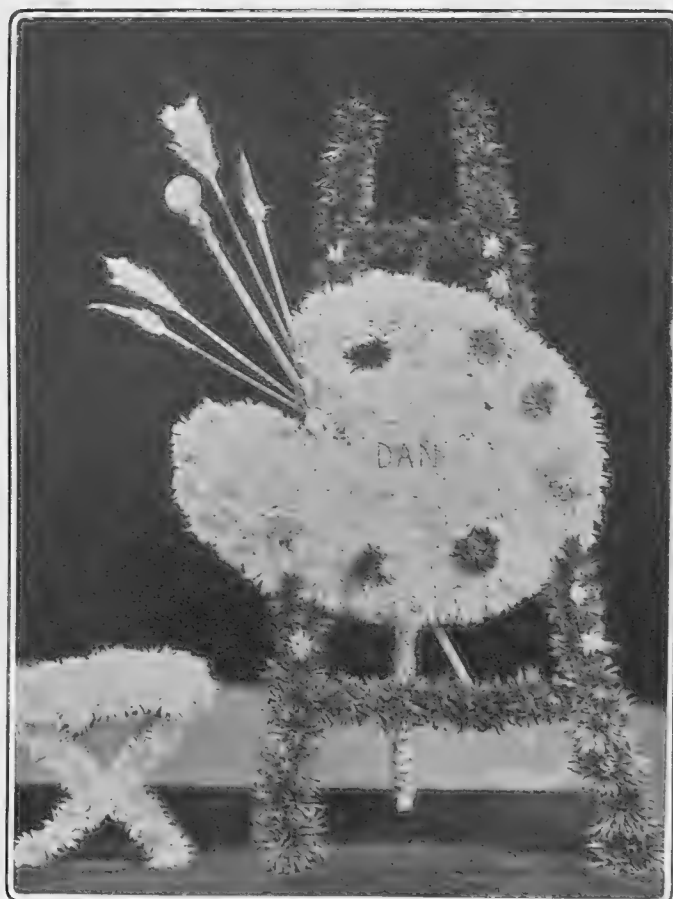
The performance of Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema's play, "The Merciful Soul," to whose impending production in Antwerp reference was made a short time ago in *The Sketch*, has been fixed for this evening. The city in which her father studied the technique of the art in which he is among the greatest practitioners of our time, in thus recognising the literary ability of the daughter, will also pay a compliment to a family which takes rank as being one of the most unitedly artistic in the whole of Europe. "The Merciful Soul" forms one item in a volume comprehensively entitled "Four Plays," by Laurence Alma-Tadema, which will be issued towards the end of the month. The edition is strictly limited to five hundred copies, but only four hundred of them will be placed on sale.

While the name of Mr. F. A. Scudamore was but little known to the theatre-goers whose knowledge is bounded by the confines of the

West-End houses, his skill as a playwright was attested by the production of a long line of melodramas all distinguished for the sterling qualities which are necessary to the strenuous play. His death may be said to have given him a wider reputation than his life; it was widely paraphrased owing to the singularly pathetic circumstance that he died alone in his home and remained undiscovered for several days, his wife and their son and daughter being on tour. His untimely end and the sad circumstances which intensified it have been the occasion of many sympathetic references during the past week, which has been unduly shadowed over by the wings of the Destroying Angel.

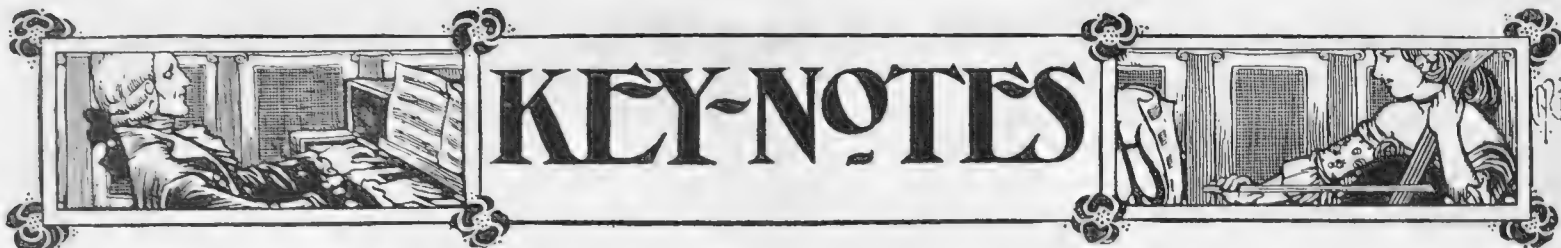
To the remarkable run on *Royalty*—if the phrase may be allowed without any suspicion of what might in another country be considered *lèse-majesté*—*The Sketch* has already drawn attention. A general survey of the West-End houses at the present time cannot fail to emphasise the fact. There is a reigning Duchess in "The Prayer of the Sword," at the Adelphi; a Queen and a Prince Consort, as well as a deposed Sovereign, in "His Highness My Husband," at the Comedy; a reigning Duke of Milan in "The Tempest," at His Majesty's; King Charles II. in "His Majesty's Servant," at the Imperial; a Prince in "Forget Me Not," at the Savoy; a reigning Prince in "The Garden of Lies," at the St. James's; and a reigning Princess at the Shaftesbury. Thus, out of exactly a dozen West-End theatres at which comedy and drama, as opposed to the musical play, are being given, there are no fewer than six which present a reigning Sovereign among the characters.

The enormous crowds that lined the streets on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Dan Leno testified abundantly to the exceptional regard and respect in which he was held. From Springfield House to the Church of the Ascension in Malwood Road the procession of carriages filled the whole route, and outside the cemetery at Tooting the scene baffled description, the crush being so great that the police were swept away and the gates burst open. It is estimated that fully a quarter of a million people were witnesses of the funeral. The floral tributes were very beautiful, Madame Melba, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Thomas Dewar, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks being amongst



THE FUNERAL OF DAN LENO: A TRIBUTE FROM "THE TERRIERS" ASSOCIATION, OF WHICH HE WAS PRESIDENT.

those who sent offerings. All the principal places of entertainment in London were also thus represented, and "The Boys of Covent Garden Market" contributed a huge wreath. The two great Music-hall Artistes' Societies—"The Terriers" and "The Water Rats"—sent deputations to the funeral.



THE San Carlo Opera Company has really made a great success, under the general direction of Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth—with Mr. Henry Russell standing as the chiefly personally interested instructor—who have permitted the Company,

under conditional circumstances, to use their theatre. Under these circumstances, then, there can be no doubt that the San Carlo Company in their production of Francesco Ciléa's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," as it is named in the Italian programme, has shown to us for the first time after these many years how great and singular a combination of soloists and chorus combined can be enlisted from the resources of South Italy. "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is a well-known heroine of the dramatic stage, yet one would have thought, without any long consideration, that the play would have made a most excellent opera; it is true that there are operas of one kind and operas of another, and it is in forgetting this clear distinction that the composition in question neither touches on greatness on the one side nor on mediocrity on the other. The plot is a most simple one. Adrienne is beloved by one who is also beloved by another. Let any young dramatist put that situation to heart, and, without any of the brilliance which belongs to Scribe and Legouvé in their common work, strive to show what the essential meaning of this play may mean, and he will find that he is more or less inexperienced in the matters of his art. Scribe could play with the young dramatist with easy success. In elementary matters, and in subjects that do not concern the higher complications of brain-work—no matter whether these be intelligent or intellectual—any play

it is that the opera is supported by quite a most intimate sense of music: and therefore it is that Ciléa's interpreters were quite equal to his demands upon their powers.

There have been many operas which have demanded, in a sort of competition, the reward due to their passion, their sentiment, and their meaning from the great enthusiast of modern Italian opera, Signor Sonzogno. Two, already, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," long ago rushed into the great house of competitions; but, despite the romance which clung about the immediate intention and meaning of these two almost insolently *exigant* compositions, one is inclined to think that it is the last composer who, so far, should have gained the final crown of laurel which should lead him to happier things. For all one knows, he may have made many previous attempts; but from his tiptoe point of intelligence let him be urged to make unto higher flights.

The performance, which came off the day before the Lord Mayor's Show was to take place all "in a dripping show of woe," was in many respects excellent. Signor Anselmi, whom for some years we have

recognised at Covent Garden as being in many ways a real exponent of the Italian system of opera, a matter which has been easily observed by Mr. Henry Russell, sang with that curious depth and sweetness of vocalisation which sounded so beautiful to our ancestors, and which will come again as beauty in the years when the world grows young, and when that world feels the voice for its own sake and not for its prophesying power, which should be accepted just as we expect the painter to leave us his record of the work that he has done, even though his period was of long ago. In the same opera in which Anselmi appeared a very charming ballet, entitled "The Judgment of Paris," was produced; and here one finds again that delightful aloofness of the art of opera.

THE SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS ALICE NIELSEN.

Photograph by Vandyk. (See Page 178.)

can be made great in its own way; but to denude it of much of its original fascination and to supply music in its place of the most Italian kind is to make a novel appeal entirely, and to rely to a large extent upon the accessories of the opera.

In old days, it used to be said that the French and the English were entirely separated in matters of drama the one from the other; Racine might have mouthed you a sentence of hexameters while Shakspeare was writing such unmetrical words as "The odds is gone" in "Antony and Cleopatra"; but it is not quite certain that the practical disappearance of Racine did not, in the long run, tend towards the greatness of men who desired to come very close towards the intimate passages of the play. Therefore



MISS BERTHA BIRD, "THE AUSTRALIAN LARK."

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand. (See Page 178.)



THE SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN: MADAME GIACHETTI.

Photograph by Vandyk. (See Page 178.)

To begin with, music sets you, as it were, at only one pace away from natural talk and natural interrogation; then there comes a sort of icy divorce between the two arts until there is nothing left but a certain separation from and a cohesion, so far as the stage is concerned, with all the various elements which make up a fine and useful ballet. And wherefore? Simply because the stress of opera, if it is allied to tragedy, is now allowed to be somewhat of an unmeaning interpolation, and for that reason it is regarded with but little more than common interest by the audience of the present day.

It was in the return to tragedy, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," the name-part of which was taken by Madame Giachetti, that we once more began to realise the very great beauty of this production. Signor Sammarco as Michonnet was most praiseworthy, and all the minor parts were intelligently fulfilled, while it would be difficult to give too high praise to the manner in which the scenery was presented to the public.

Here Covent Garden was clearly right in its particular endeavour to see that no sort of hitch should occur in any concern with which Messrs. Forsyth and Rendle are concerned. In a word, the opera was received with enthusiasm, and will, doubtless, be known by those who in future days remember it as an exceptional cast organised in a most exceptional way.

COMMON CHORD.



A Writ of Certiorari—Tri-car Tests—Petrol and Water—Tyres—Lamps—A Handsome Car.

I AM no lawyer, and therefore cannot grasp the true intent, meaning, and consequence of a Writ of Certiorari, when this imposing document or process is issued against Justices of the Peace. Far back in the days of my youth, I seem to have read of it in Magnall's Questions as forming an integral part of the Constitution, and it suggests itself as a means employed by the Barons to hurry up John on his way to Runnymede. However that may be, it is to the Magistrates of the Wokingham Bench that this legal carminative is now applied by effort of the solicitor to the Automobile Club, and in respect to certain high-handed proceedings on the Magistrates' part towards the Earl of Craven. In view of this writ, the bare facts with regard to the Earl's case may be recited.

From the reports which have been published, it seems that an Inspector of Police called at the Earl of Craven's residence and endeavoured to extract information about his Lordship's cars from the servants. Drawing blank in that quarter, he betook himself to the fountain-head, and demanded from the Earl the name and address of a registered car of which his Lordship was the registered owner. But the Earl, who had had some experience of the police and their funny little ways in connection with motorists, referred the officer to his solicitor, who very naturally and very properly required to know the offence alleged against the driver whose name and address were required. It should be remembered that it is only in cases where the driver has refused his name and address that the car-owner is required to give information under the Act.

Therejoinder to this very reasonable and perfectly legal request was the announcement that a summons had been issued, and, as if purposely, the return of this summons was made as short as possible. There was no time to prepare defence. A request to the Police Superintendent for an adjournment was met with a discourteous and most unusual refusal. Consequently a local solicitor was instructed to ask for an adjournment, which, by the way, could not affect the case either way; but, nevertheless, the case was heard in the Earl's absence, and his Lordship was fined £10, and £1 4s. 6d. costs. From what fell from the Chairman of the Bench at the time, it was clear that, law or no law, the motorist, because he was a motorist, was to have no chance at Wokingham, and so the facts brought before the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Kennedy and Ridley have, as I have already said, resulted in the issue of a Writ of Certiorari against the Justices in question to show cause why their proceedings should not be quashed and themselves metaphorically squashed also.

Those interested in motor tri-cars will find much to interest them in the results of the hundred-mile trial out from Hatfield and back held on the 5th inst. The starting entry was not a large one, amounting to fourteen in all, and this number was very considerably reduced before the hill-climb occurred, up which seven tri-cars only were timed. A stopping and re-starting test took place on Bengoe Hill before the climb, which was instrumental in shaking out several. Six of the cars finished within the maximum time, and nearly all these approached the minimum, which corresponds to twenty miles per hour. The net result of this trial showed conclusively that it is by no means so easy and simple as some would have us suppose to run a number of motor tri-cars a non-stop hundred miles under observation. Halts of short duration occur from a driver's error or the necessity for some small mechanical adjustment. Although no one of the six machines that finished qualified for a non-stop certificate,

it must not be thought that the performances were otherwise than very creditable. Silver medals and excellency certificates for (1) Fuel economy, (2) Hill-climbing, (3) Ease of starting and control, (4) Brakes, were awarded to the 6½ horse-power Pearson, the 4½ horse-power Avon Trimobile, the 3½ horse-power Wallace, the 4½ horse-power King.

A word or two of warning is necessary to automobilists just now on the subject of petrol. One brand of spirit has lately shown too much water in its composition to be at all comfortable for those condemned to use it. For obvious reasons, I cannot name this brand of spirit, but if any car-owner finds a hitherto well-behaved and docile engine spitting and coughing in its carburettor and jerky in its drive, suspect water in petrol. There is an idea abroad that, if petrol is poured into the tank through fine gauze, while the petrol will pass through the meshes of the gauze, the water will not. This is not so. If a gauze well-filter is fitted in the tank-opening, the water will not pass through so long as the gauze is wet with petrol, but so soon as the meshes dry the water will pass directly. The result of this is that, though a car may run well for the first stage of a journey, if it is stopped for any time the water passes through the filter, and then the trouble begins.



A LUXURIOUS CAR: THIS DE DIETRICH (LATEST MODEL) WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR COLONEL CHARLESWORTH.

Photograph by Argent Archer, High Street, Kensington, W.

reasonable, the car is driven fast, showed no signs of cuts, and hardly scratches. In the new process followed in the construction of motor-tyres at Aston, I really think the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company have succeeded in toughening the treads of their tyres to a remarkable extent. The life of the tyre is thereby much prolonged.

Now that darkness closes in so early and much driving has to be done after sunset, the continuance of the number-illuminating back-light much exercises the car-owner. The safest method is to have an incandescent electric-light at the back, the current being supplied from an independent set of accumulators conveniently carried, although these, of course, are liable to failure and require constant attention as to charging. One of the best and most reliable back-lights I know of is the Wernheim and Bleriot oil-gas lamp, the flame of which is proof against extinction by road-shock and gives a large volume of light.

The car reproduced herewith is one of the latest 24 horse-power De Dietrich models. The body is a Roi des Belges, with side-entrance, made by Messrs. Mulliner, Limited, of Northampton. This car was specially designed for Colonel Charlesworth and fitted up in a most luxurious style. The canopy is detachable, and has a glass screen in front which slides up into the roof; also this screen is hinged in the centre and can be used at the back of the front-seats or over the dashboard. All the fittings are brass, plated. The car is painted dark blue, with fine white lines, and is upholstered in dark-blue leather. It will seat five passengers comfortably, two in front and three in the tonneau. The car is also fitted with the new "C.J.L." supplementary ignition.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Flat Season—Racing Reform—Derby Cup.

RACING under Jockey Club Rules will be brought to a close for the present season with the Final Plate, which is to be run for at Manchester on Saturday week. Considering the tightness of money, it has been an exceptional year for gates. In the big handicaps, backers have fairly held their own, but the classic races were productive of some upsets, and in-and-out running was often seen in the minor races. The market on many of the big races was rotten in the extreme, but backers held their own fairly well, and the ring has not had what might be termed a prosperous year, although, I notice, the majority of the bookies ride either in a carriage-and-pair or a tasty motor-car. It has been a disastrous season for the Newmarket trainers, many of whom, I begin to think, concern themselves more about putting on "side" and consuming good dinners than they do about the winning of races for their patrons; but this sort of thing brings about its own reward in time, and it can be taken for granted that the leveller will do his work thoroughly later on. Mr. Gilpin, it should be noted, has had a good year, and he evidently knows his business thoroughly.

I have for many years been continually drumming away at my pet subject of the greatest good for the greatest number, so far as racing is concerned. I am, therefore, more than pleased to be able to print *pro bono publico* the following letter received from Mr. Charles W. Cropper, Secretary of the Kalgoorlie Racing Club—

Kalgoorlie, Oct. 4, 1904.

DEAR SIR,—In looking through the last number received of *The Sketch*, I note some comments of yours with reference to the race-books and cards supplied by the English Racing Clubs, and suggesting that more information should be given to the public. We here in Western Australia recognise that the public, being our chief supporters, are entitled to all the information that we can give them, so under separate cover I am forwarding a race-book of each of the days of our recent Annual Meeting, which possibly you might be interested in. Of course, the preparation of the books involves a certain amount of labour, but we think it is worth while. You will note at the end of the book our Totalisator Rules. The Totalisator is a source of great profit to the Racing Clubs in Western Australia, and, at our last meeting, during the three days we put through £54,000 odd, from which amount the Club, as you will see, deduct ten per cent.

The race-cards referred to by Mr. Cropper put our cards completely in the shade in many respects. Thus, four pages are utilised for the printing of Horse-racing Records, which, by-the-bye, cover the whole of the racing world. A plan of the course is printed on the opening page; then follows information

as to the accommodation of the stands, from which I glean that "A telephone for the use of the public is available under the stairs at the back of the Grand Stand." How many times have I suggested to our Clerks of Courses to go and do likewise? Yet I know of no course in England that has a telephone in general use. It must come, however.

The charges of admission at Kalgoorlie are reasonable in the extreme, and are as follow: Grand Stand Enclosure, eleven shillings; ladies and children under fourteen years of age, six shillings. Bird Cage: gentlemen, half-a-crown; ladies, free. Leger Reserve, three shillings. Children in arms are admitted free to all parts. The Totalisator is, as Mr. Cropper observes, a big factor in the success of the meetings, and the rules are simple though explicit. I notice the following at the end of the "Tote" rules: "All bets made by any licensed bookmaker betting at the race-meeting for which his licence is issued shall be paid by him in accordance with the payments made by the Club's Totalisator." I presume this means, if it means anything, that licensed bookmakers have to regulate their "S.P." payments by the prices paid by the Totalisator. Even then, I conclude, they (the bookmakers) would be working at a ten per cent. commission, which is not a bad profit. I should add that one shilling is charged for the race-card, but it is well worth the money.

Many of the "Smart Set" fastened on to Nabot for the Derby Cup directly the weights appeared; but the grey has been struck out, as, it is said, he has not recovered from the gruelling he received in the race for the Cambridgeshire. Surbiton has a big chance of winning at Derby

this week, as he ran second to Littleton in this race last year, and I am beginning to think that his win at Kempton, when he beat Nabot, Survivor, Caravel, and others, was no fluke, after all. Bass Rock has been beaten in a trial, but I am told he is a good horse. He is

a grey, and was bought originally by Lord Rothschild and given by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild to change the luck of the stable, which, by-the-bye, began to improve directly he entered the stable. Romer, who is owned by the lucky Joe Davis, of Hurst Park fame, is certain to go close, and Lord Carnarvon's selected should take some beating; but, from information received, I shall plump for Surbiton, who evidently has come on by leaps and bounds. The horse is owned by Mr. J. Buchanan, of Black Sand fame.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE RULING PASSION: MR. AND MRS. G. P. HUNTLEY
(MISS EVA KELLY).

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



THE RULING PASSION: MR. GEORGE EDWARDES PLAYS DR. W. G. GRACE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THREE reiterated questions that particularly vex the soul and spirit of a particular friend present themselves at the moment to my immediate consideration, though without requiring a particularly immediate answer. Firstly, has anyone else since Adam married into so large a family as she? Secondly, when her husband's



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME SET OF CARACUL AND SABLE.

relatives die, why must she adopt the forced farce of mourning for those she does not know? And, thirdly, why was one, therefore, born with a sallow complexion? Of course, all this is frivolous extremely, though still bearing on a pregnant point; for mourning, when the last word is spoken, is the outward expression of abiding sorrow. Why, therefore, should convention force us into crape, when scarlet or amber would as fitly represent one's innermost feelings? We need not go into a church to say our daily prayers, any more than we need wear black to advertise our daily sorrows. Both can be heartfelt without environment, though in the former case surroundings certainly are a help; but the coercion of mourning is certainly repellent, and it inevitably decreases with our increased civilisation. We recognise that crape spells sadness, also that it is more or less bad taste to see new weeds disporting in public; therefore, a gradual withdrawal from the old Spartan modes of mourning is making itself felt, and it is no longer necessary or expected that one should bury oneself in external unbecomingness for the gratification of distant, disapproving relations-in-law. Let us be sincere and own that there are many, many friends whose hand-clasp we should miss and for whom we would weep and wear uttermost mourning, while of relatives there are not a few for whom one would steadfastly decline (an one could) to sacrifice to convention even to the mere extent of a five-pound note, which, as all who know know, will buy mighty little "mourning." In fine, let those with golden hair and baby complexions be as sympathetic as they please, but pray extend the liberty of a *juste milieu* or a discriminating degree of distress to those born dark, and of therefore inferior brilliance in black.

The abuse of use has always brought its own punishment, and in the case of perfumes notably so. Early in the nineteenth century every maid-servant had her bottle of cheap essence, we are told, so thoroughly had the custom of "perfumery" permeated even the classes. Presently, people awoke to the novelty of bath-rooms, and gradually, as water rose in estimation, spicy odours fell. Following that came a period when perfumes were banished from amongst the elect. But the inevitable swing of the pendulum has, happily, brought them back. One says "happily," for, while awakened to an almost classic love of the bath, this nation also recognises the fascination of sweet scents, and her "Rhine Violet," or her "Malmaison," or her "Rhine Gold," or other refined and distinctive essence; while, as for our trusty and well-beloved Eau-de-Cologne, who would be without it? The "4711" brand, which has justly superseded all rivals, is now the inseparable ally of every dressing-bag and well-equipped toilet-table, for, although we may not be all within hail of the Bond Street Dépôt for that incomparable essence, every chemist of standing either keeps or procures it for his customers. In the case of "4711" Cologne water, as with certain famous liqueurs, success has led to imitation, and many spurious concoctions have been put forward. The well-known blue label has even been closely copied, but the legend "4711" is the unmistakable hall-mark of the real thing, and is writ large on every bottle for purchasers to read, mark, and learn.

The enterprise of the advertiser may be said to take a particularly pleasant form when it not alone benefits him, but confers cheques on an appreciative public as well, and this is precisely what the proprietors of Wright's famous Coal Tar Soap are combining at the present time. A competition has been started which challenges a guess or calculation of the number of clean-shaven men out of an average ten thousand. The nearest estimate obtains a prize of fifty pounds, which will come in usefully for the New Year, Dec. 31 being the date fixed before which replies must be sent in. The conditions are that a wrapper of

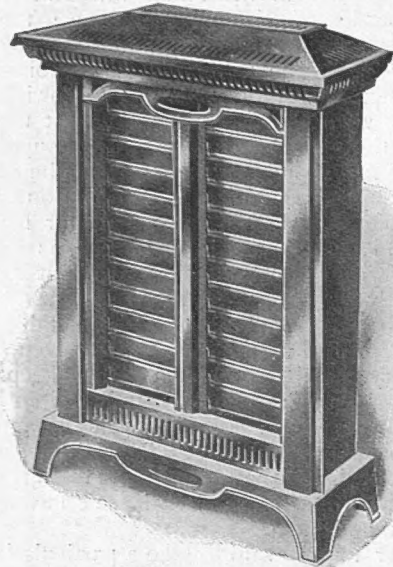


[Copyright.]

A LOUIS XVI. WALKING-COSTUME.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap or shaving-stick must be addressed to "Competition," Proprietors Wright's Coal Tar Soaps, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., and the result will be advertised in the *Daily Mail* of Jan. 31, 1905. So inviting a prospect as the possible fifty-pound note should have many applicants.

It is a curious fact that, while realising the blessedness of electric light and taking it to their hearts and houses so universally, the good



ELECTRIC RADIATOR BY MESSRS.
RASHLEIGH PHIPPS AND CO.

people of this island should still live apart, as most of them do, from the beneficent influences of electric heating. Infinite cleanliness, convenience, comfort, are its inseparable accompaniments, yet not one in fifty British households, even when lighted by electricity, applies this best gift of our fairy godmother Science to its own needs. Messrs. Rashleigh Phipps, of 147, Oxford Street, are, however, doing much to tame electric-heating methods in our midst. Their radiators, their brass and aluminium pots and pans, their flat-irons, their curling-tongs, their everything imaginable, in fact, which tends to simplify human wants and uplift their methods, cannot be too greatly vaunted, while, so far as artistic and beautiful forms of lighting go, no

description can fitly convey the originality and admirable taste shown in the various sconces, electroliers, brackets, pendants, and fittings variously which cover the walls and ceilings of their show-rooms. To anyone, therefore, in search of the "new idea," admirably conceived and carried out, I recommend a visit to Rashleigh Phipps.

A plaintive correspondent writes me reproachfully that, in following my advice and paying a visit to the incomparable Mrs. Pomeroy, she vainly essayed an entrance at 29, *New Bond Street*, "according to the address contained in my notice," when 29, *Old Bond Street*, was the veritable Mecca of her footsteps. This shows what comes of the endeavour to be precise. Had it been written "Mrs. Pomeroy, Bond Street," or "Mrs. Pomeroy, London," every policeman and constable could have set her in the way she should go; but, in substituting *New* for *Old*, the poor, dear lady had to walk "half over Bond Street," which certainly is a very substantial grievance.

SYBIL.

The photographs of Miss Pauline Chase which appeared in our last issue should have been attributed to Messrs. Alfred Ellis and Walery, and not to the firm whose name was given.



EXAMPLES OF STERLING SILVER FURNITURE DESIGNED AND MODELLED BY MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB
FOR AN EASTERN PALACE.

SOME NOTABLE SINGERS.

Among the singers who have scored notably at Covent Garden this season none has done better work than Madame Giachetti, a "star" whose rise in the operatic firmament has been most rapid. Little more than four years ago she made her debut in a small Italian theatre, after study in the Conservatoire at Bologna. Her singing and acting in Puccini's opera, "*La Tosca*," are already known to nearly all the great European Opera Houses, and she has helped to make Cilea's beautiful opera, "*Adriana Lecouvreur*," a success in town. There is no doubt but that London will welcome her heartily when she returns to us another year. Miss Alice Nielsen has a longer stage experience. For years she enjoyed a great reputation throughout the United States in the world of comic opera, and she appeared in "*The Fortune Teller*" at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London some three years ago. By the advice of Mr. Henry Russell she relinquished her work for Grand Opera, and studied under the young impresario in Italy. Since then Miss Nielsen has made one or two appearances upon the English concert-platform and has sung in many Italian cities. She was heard in the Grand Opera Season this year in "*Don Giovanni*" and the "*Nozze di Figaro*." During the present season Miss Nielsen has sung the prima donna's music in "*Rigoletto*," "*La Bohème*," and other operas.

Of the many singers who have come from the Antipodes, Miss Bertha Bird is one of the most remarkable. A native of Melbourne, she made her debut at its Town Hall some five years ago, achieving such a success that the critics honoured her with the title of "*The Australian Lark*." It is claimed for Miss Bird that she possesses the highest top-note in the world. She made her first appearance in London some twelve months ago.



THE "DUNDEE" SHIELD.

This handsome silver shield has been presented for annual competition to the Natal Rifle Association by Messrs. James Watson and Co., Limited, the well-known whisky-distillers. The shield is of oxidised sterling silver, weighs more than two hundred ounces, stands over three feet in height, and is mounted on black ebony. It is beautifully decorated, the Arms of Natal being in the centre, supported on either side by winged classical figures, and surmounted by a panel in bas-relief depicting a group of Natal marksmen. The figure of Fame, holding a laurel wreath, occupies a position above. The inscription is as follows: "Presented by James Watson and Co., Ltd., Distillers, Dundee, Scotland, to the Natal Rifle Association."

A striking object-lesson of the perfection to which the silversmith's art has attained is furnished by the fact that Messrs. Mappin and Webb have designed and modelled a complete suite of furniture in sterling silver for an Eastern palace. In its production the services of the finest artists of our day have been requisitioned and all

the articles, including chairs, couches, tables, large cabinet, and dressing-table, were manufactured at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's factory, The Royal Works, Sheffield. Portions of the suite have been on view recently at their London show-rooms in Oxford Street, W., Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Regent Street, W.

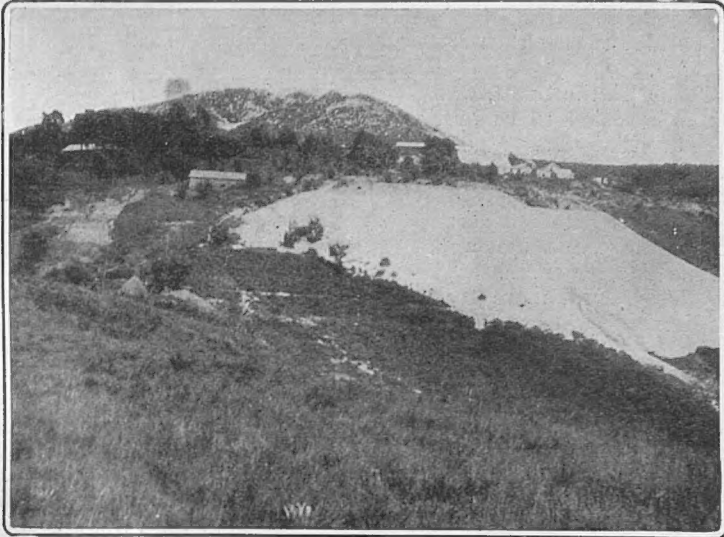
Miss Evangeline Anthony has just made her first appearance in London, at the St. James's Hall. She hails from Hereford, and she surely has a future before her by reason of her breadth of tone, which is quite exceptional in so young a player, and by reason also that she never deflects from the pitch. She, at the same time, realises her years in so far as she is a quiet and peaceful player, and this quality stood her in good stead in her playing of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto at the St. James's Hall a few days ago. She was daring enough on this occasion also to essay the Beethoven Concerto, in which she proved herself to be both tender and sweet.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.

THE RECOVERY.

SLOWLY, but none the less surely, the markets are recovering from the North Sea trouble, and Lord Lansdowne's speech at the Guildhall has done much to reassure the world. If there were any real indication of peace in the Far East, there would be a tremendous revival in the Stock Exchange, and probably the word



PIGG'S PEAK MINE AND BUILDINGS.

"boom" would but faintly express the expansion of business that would follow. The monetary situation is promising, and the Berlin demand for gold has slackened, so that for the moment all question of a rise in the Bank Rate is postponed. Not very long ago we recommended the shares and Debentures of the South Wales Electrical Power Company, Limited, to the notice of our readers, and we are glad to see that prices have already improved, $\frac{5}{8}$ in the case of the shares and 6 points in the Debentures. We still think they are good to hold.

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market has felt the double impetus of a better political outlook and good traffics. All along the line, with the solitary exception of the North-Eastern, last week's showing is very good. Headed by the Great Western with an improvement of £10,700, all the lines have done well, while, with more than half of the six months gone, it is possible for holders to estimate what they may expect at the end of the year. To the date of the last published figures the results are as follow—

Lancs. and Yorks. ..	+ £45,698	Great Eastern ..	+ £10,100
Great Western ..	+ 26,400	Caledonian ..	+ 2,434
North British ..	+ 23,207	Hull and Barnsley ..	+ 1,812
Great Central ..	+ 21,899	North-Eastern ..	- 16,321
S.E. and Chatham ..	+ 20,365	Great Northern ..	- 43,346
Brighton ..	+ 17,533	North-Western ..	- 75,000
South-Western ..	+ 12,500	Midland ..	- 101,821

It looks, therefore, as if there was a reasonable prospect of dividend improvement in the case of the majority of the lines, while, even in the worst cases, last week's showing is distinctly encouraging. The position of the Great Western and the Great Central is decidedly strong, while both the big Scotch roads are on the right side.

AMERICANS NOW.

Having settled down somewhat after their Election enthusiasm, Americans are rather looking for a lead from bulls or bears, and the market has a curiously transitional appearance. Something violent is going to happen, and nobody exactly knows what is the market notion. Republicanism is now assured of power for another four years; but, since Mr. Roosevelt has announced his intention of not standing again for the Presidency, he may conceivably deal a few hard knocks to the Trusts now that his election is secured. The Yankee Market looks with suspicious horror upon any legislation that strikes at the Trust system, because it means that the people with the money are being threatened. Railroads represent capitalists and *vice versa*, so that, in defying the latter, the State also comes into collision with the former. Apprehensions such as these, however, are not likely to attain any vital force for some time to come, but they deserve to be remembered by people who may be contemplating a purchase of Yankees for the purposes of speculative investment, looking more to a future rise in value for their profit than to the interest now obtainable from the dividends distributed by the Railroad Companies.

THE RISE IN KAFFIRS.

Following upon the heels of our optimistic forecasts in last week's issue regarding the Kaffir Circus, there came a sharp burst of buying which carried prices substantially higher than they were at the time our Note appeared. "The Goldfields' report," it was suggested, "confirms the generally expressed idea that the dawn of brighter days is in sight," and, while the October output fell short by some 6600 oz. of the amount prophesied by the market experts, the actual advance of 13,400 oz. over the September figures is quite good enough to go on with. We are constantly being asked whether the Kaffir boom has started, or if this last rise is only another flash in the pan, to be followed, like its predecessors, by a fresh set-back. All the signs of a boom are wanting, and the public show but a slight appearance of interest in the market even yet. Certainly people are buying more freely than they did, but not in such a manner as would justify the improvement coming anywhere near a boom. Prices are already high, and, if for this reason alone, a wild buying movement would be seriously harmful to the Kaffir Circus. "They are getting in a fresh crop of fools," was the scornful comment of a shrewd observer when he heard that Kaffirs were rampantly good the other day, and through the exaggeration of the utterance there peeps a trace of wisdom. For the sake of everyone interested in Kaffirs, it is to be hoped that the advance may hasten slowly. We may incidentally add that Pigg's Peak shares, to which attention was drawn last month, have probably a further improvement in them before the price reaches its reasonable worth.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Entering Throgmorton Street from the western end the other evening, Our Stroller found himself suddenly enveloped by the overflow of the American Market. The noise was deafening, the excitement running high.

"And, I tell you," a man exclaimed, "that there is still a rise left in them."

"Don't believe it," another said. "Now that the Election's over, and the bulls have got all they went for, what is there to put Yankees better?"

"That's nothing to do with it. The Wall Street people have not got the public in as deeply as they want—"

"How d'you know that?"

"—and," continued the commentator, "the big folks must put prices along further still in order to get out of their own stocks."

"After which—?"

"The deluge," concluded the speaker.

"Personally, I am keeping my Atchisons and Southern Pacifics," remarked a third.

"H'm: Southern are quite high enough."

"I'm with you there. But surely one thing will go with the other. It's the same as lots of Kaffir shares that are too high, but the whole market moves on a general line."

Our Stroller was pushed by the crowd into a corner from which he had considerable difficulty in emerging. When he struggled out, a few men were discussing Trunks.

"So long as the public prefer to keep their stocks, careless of getting dividends, the bears won't have any chance of making money."

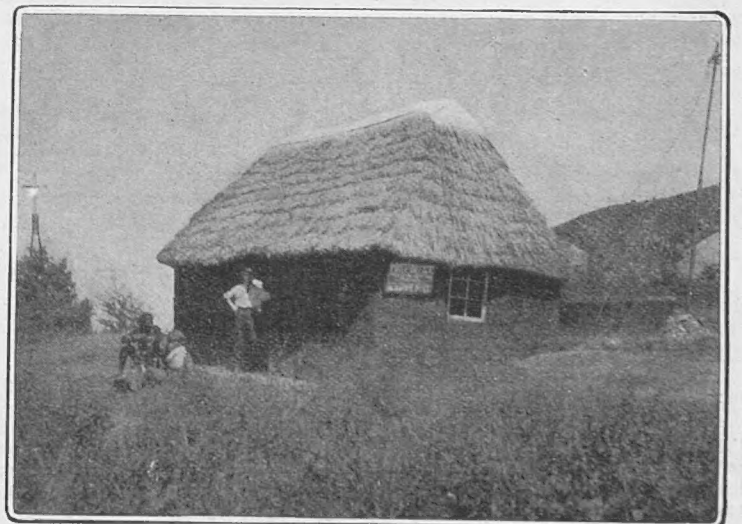
"Well, another couple of points rise in Thirds and out go five on my own account, and chance it," laughed a dealer, turning round to knock the ashes from his briar.

"Know anything about these Nitrate Deferred that the market is running up?"

"Oh, it's an absolute gamble. I have had several clients asking about the shares, but, from what I can find out about them, the price is too high already."

"It's difficult to know what to buy," observed a new-comer.

"I bought a few Bolivar Rails at five shillings for selected clients," a broker declared.



POST OFFICE AT PIGG'S PEAK.

"You could only put people into them who wouldn't mind losing their money."

"There is that about it certainly, but if a man will take them up he can put them away for the future without much misgiving."

"The new Japs are speculative— Confound that beggar!" and he looked indignantly at his boots, which showed signs of fresh mud.

"They will be all right in time, but for a while they may hang about par."

"About 90½, you mean?"

"Of course. I think the earlier 6 per cent. loan is the cheaper of the two."

"So do I," agreed one of the group. "Japan won't default, and the bonds have very decent security. If—"

Another lurch of the crowd took Our Stroller behind the wooden barrier that helps to support the temporary canopy frowning over the main entrance to the House.

Oddly enough, Our Stroller happened to overhear a discussion about the general tendency of the market that neatly capped the assertion he had just listened to in Shorter's Court.

"Any fool knows that Modders and East Rand and Gol' Fields and Ran' Mines and Raffontein are too high!" the member cried. "But the blessed things will all go one way, and if—"

"Well, fire away!"

"Thought I spotted a likely-looking broker, but it was a newspaper man. If, as I was sayin', one thing goes good, all the whole shoot will do ditto."

"Put not your trust in Kaffirs—," began another.

"I don't, but I do think we shall see some of the fancy articles better. Luipaard's Vlei, for instance, or Angelos, or Rob. Central Deeps."

"Heavens, what a mixture! There's nothing like a catholic taste, even in Kaffirs."

"Young man, I don't pretend to know what you mean, but you mark my words."

"If I did, I might be tempted to apply similar treatment to your face later on," came the smiling retort. "Now then, drop it. Hi, constable!"

The policeman looked round, saw who the pair were, and touched his helmet.

"Did you see this gentleman assault me?" demanded the younger one.

"Can't say I did, sir. Bull of 'em myself, sir. In a very small way, sir. Don't stand on the pavement there," he went on, as he turned to his monotonous duty.

Our Stroller caught sight of a familiar figure, and grabbed his broker by the arm.

"What's in that coffin?" he inquired, after the twain had come into open space at Draper's Gardens.

"That's my violin," the broker returned. "I'm just off to a rehearsal of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society. But you—"

"Not a bit of it!" Our Friend foreread the other's words. "I don't want to do anything to-night. Shall I come to the rehearsal?"

"By all means, if you'd like to. But do you care for music?"

And, as they walked up to Cripplegate, the broker told how knowing people said that Rand Victoria Easts were going up, and that Great Easterns were the cheapest buy in the Railway Market, and that Consols might easily touch 90 before the end of the year, with much sage counsel of like import.

As the broker went to his chair in the orchestra, Our Stroller mounted to the balcony and uncovered one of the red-plush seats for himself. The novelty of the scene amused him: he had never seen violinists working at their instruments and smoking cigarettes at the same time. The cellos seemed to prefer to smoke their pipes. Mr. Arthur Payne, his back to the stage, conducted vigorously, patiently, and scientifically—cigarette in mouth most of the while. The incessant buzz of talk during each instrumental pause, the irritatingly insistent tuning, the new phases of Tschaiikowsky's Violin Concerto as revealed by conscientious plodding over the accompaniment bar by bar—were all interesting to our friend, and his tone rang truthfully when he parted from his broker with many thanks for a novel experience.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. T.—The market thinks the Argentine Mine shares should be held for an improvement. The financial difficulties have been great, but are said to be now overcome. We cannot say that they are the sort of thing for a "poor lady" to hold.

EDGAR.—All the Cycle reports appear to be very discouraging. We have not much faith in a recovery in the case of the Company in which you are interested.

ANTON.—From your account of yourself it does not seem that the Mine shares are the things in which you ought to invest. They are a good speculation, in our opinion, but people who have a limited income can't afford to lose, and, having no experience, had better stick to safer things. The Kaffirs you name are among those we should select as the most promising.

A. P. J.—The name of a reliable firm of brokers has been sent to you. We cannot publish names in this column. Have no dealings with the outsiders whose circular you enclose—they are quite among the worst.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

AFTER an interruption of several years, the Emperor has resumed the quaint custom, bequeathed to him from his martinet ancestor of the eighteenth century, of holding a "Tobacco Parliament" at the hunting Schloss of Königswusterhausen (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). All British visitors to Berlin pay a visit to the Hohenzollern Museum, and indulge in natural expressions of wonder at the massive table and chairs which are there exhibited exactly as they used to be in the days of King Frederick William I., who was wont to assemble his hunting cronies at Königshausen, and, with the aid of pipes and huge mugs of beer, to discuss affairs without any of the restraints which etiquette generally imposes. When sitting at the King's smoking-table, any member of the "Tobacco Parliament" was entitled to speak with absolute freedom to the usually irascible old monarch.

Frederick the Great, who was punished by his father in the brutal fashion revealed to us by the historians of the age, hated the very name of Königswusterhausen, where his friend, Lieutenant Katz, was condemned to death for conniving at his escape from arrest. He avoided it as the very pest throughout his reign, and for this the ladies of his Court were not sorry, as they had heard from their mothers of the frightful colds that were caught within its damp walls when the old King lodged there. Accordingly, the building was allowed to fall into decay until, more than a century later, it was restored by the first Emperor, whose grandson has revived the custom of the "Tobacco Parliament" initiated by the martinet Hohenzollern monarch. There are many treasures of the chase in Königswusterhausen—which, by the way, is within easy distance of Berlin—but none of them, perhaps, are quite so interesting as the stone trough in the Royal sleeping-apartment which used to serve King Frederick William I. for his tub.

This week, all the hunting comrades of the Emperor are the guests of His Majesty at Königswusterhausen, and excellent sport is being enjoyed. The "Tobacco Parliament" was held on Friday evening. Every guest receives his pipe and a curiously cut twig for use as a tobacco-stopper, and the beer-mugs are of the historical size. Free use is made of the privilege of the "Parliament" to talk in the presence of the monarch without restraint, and it is said that more than one courtier might have been heard descanting on the absolute necessity of speedily adopting measures for a further increase of the German Navy. The Königswusterhausen meet, by the way, forms the close of a whole series of hunting excursions in the neighbourhood of Berlin. Saint Hubertus' Day saw the usual Royal Hunt at Döberitz, where no less than two hundred red-coats assembled to join with the Emperor pursuing to the death a magnificent boar. Before the meet the Emperor had unveiled several groups of hunting statuary in the Thiergarten, but the Berliners, to judge from their expressions and from the notices of the art critics in the newspapers, are far from being grateful to His Majesty for this further addition to the decorations of their park. They dislike the light bronze in which the groups have been rendered, and the arrangement of the themes altogether fails to excite their admiration.

Mr. Abe Bailey, the famous sportsman, financier, and politician, has had a remarkable and even romantic career. Born in South Africa of Yorkshire parents, in early life he became prominent as one of "Rhodes' young men,"

later on succeeding the great "Empire-builder" as Member for Barkly West in the Cape Legislative Assembly, and acting also as Government Whip. Mr. Bailey was one of the "Reform prisoners," and served with distinction in the late Boer War as a member of Gorrings Horse. Though he is a Turf enthusiast and owner of the largest racing-stable in South Africa, he is even more keenly interested in politics, to which he intends to devote himself wholly in future. He is resigning his seat for Barkly West, with the intention of taking part in the political life of the Transvaal, and is

returning to South Africa for that purpose. For some time past he has been residing at Yewhurst, near East Grinstead, Sussex, of which county he is a Justice of the Peace and a Captain in its regiment of Imperial Yeomanry. Mr. Bailey is also a Deputy Lieutenant of the City of London.



MR. ABE BAILEY,
MR. CECIL RHODES' SUCCESSOR AS MEMBER FOR BARKLY
WEST, SOUTH AFRICA.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.